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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE end of the railway strike came almost as suddenly and unexpectedly as its beginning. The settlement was the direct consequence of the unwearying efforts of the intermediaries appointed by the Transport Workers' Conference to bring the parties together, and to find a basis of compromise which would make it possible to say that neither side had been beaten. But mediation alone, without favorable coincident circumstances, would not have availed to prevent a calamitous extension of the conflict. Extremists maintained, throughout the week, their desire for a “fight to a finish.” While the wild men of the Whitehall propaganda department were doing their utmost to inflame the country, others who had to shoulder the responsibility were shedding illusions and getting to grips with realities. The daily emission of smoke screens, in the form of “cheery” reports, intended to keep up the spirits of harassed Londoners, did not deceive the great industrial centres, where the meaning of an absolutely paralyzed railway system was thoroughly understood.

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THE truth, as the Government began to see it by the week-end, was that, contrary to all their expectations, the railwaymen were holding firm and that industrial opinion, instead of being universally hostile, had rallied solidly to the side of the workers. The decision of the Transport Workers' Conference, after the deadlock of Friday night, to convene a fully representative national trade union conference, followed by the publication of their manifesto declaring that the Government offer was harsh and unacceptable and that failing a change of attitude a widespread extension of the strike could not be averted, dispelled the belief that their mediation was due to weakness or division. The announcement of the Government decision to withhold the wages due to the strikers had caused a great revulsion of feeling. When, therefore, the Mediation Committee met Mr. Bonar Law on Saturday night such wisdom as was left to statesmanship plainly dictated a return to the path of con-

ciliation. The men's leaders, on their part, had also realized the adverse effect of the lightning strike on their cause.

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It is clear that the terms of settlement are substantially better than the original offer as modified when the negotiations broke down, or than the rejected compromise proposals submitted through the Mediation Committee. The really important point about the terms is the meaning of the clause providing for the re-opening of negotiations on the standard rates. Mr. Thomas has stated explicitly that the question of future permanent rates is to be entirely re-opened. The “Times” Labor Correspondent, in an obviously inspired comment, has questioned the accuracy of this interpretation, and in reply Mr. Thomas vehemently repeated his assertion. In the absence of an official denial his statement must stand. In that case the Government have receded completely from the position occupied when the deadlock occurred and the strike began. The presumption is that some characteristically indefinite undertaking is covered by the general phrase in the terms “negotiations will be continued with the understanding that they will be concluded before December 31st, 1919.” It has been assumed by some people, notably by Mr. Holmes in the columns of the “Times,” though without any sanction of authority, that the Government offered a sliding scale reduction in the war wage of 1s. for 10 points in the cost of living. The fact is that the old scale of 1s. for 4 points was offered as an alternative to a Tribunal's award.

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MR. GEORGE is said to have borne a part in the settlement, but his language has been consistently provocative. In the midst of the strike he declared it to be an anarchist conspiracy, and to have had nothing to do with wages or conditions of service, which were its sole object. In his speech at the Mansion House he accused the strike leaders of Prussianism, but incidentally suggested that he could be a bit of a Prussian himself, for he claimed that he had foreseen the strike as far back as February, and had then consented, with other Ministers, to a civilian transport organization which was to be maintained. It may be said that this was a proper provision for the needs of the community, and so far as the organization of a bread and milk service went, that is true. But if Mr. George thought that a railway strike was coming, why did he not try and prevent it? Why the now abandoned policy of wage reduction, with its curt and provocative setting? Why the demand for unconditional surrender, and the docking of the workmen's back pay? These things made other than trade unionists doubt whether strike or lock-out was the truer term to apply to the catastrophe of last week.

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INDEED, according to Mr. Roberts, the Food Controller, the Government began the negotiations by disclosing half their hand. They did not “give everything away at once.” This is really terrible. The country was on the eye of a frightful disaster, perhaps of ruin. The Government had terms up its sleeve, terms

which might have saved the situation, and which were "obtainable on Friday week." But these were not obtained, because they were not disclosed, and the men, faced with an offer which the Government declared to be "definitive," but which was not definitive at all, rushed into the strike. In other words, they were the victims either of unspeakable folly or of a trick. The Government have now to explain why, when they found what effect the Geddes offer had had on the railwaymen, they did not at once and clearly set forth their real and final proposition—the proposition on which peace was made.

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THE strike has made it clear that the organization which was created to manufacture war truth is to be kept in being, in a modified form, for the manipulation of public opinion in peace time. When docks, sidings, and depots all over the country were choked with waggons and goods, and industries were feeling the strangling grip of the strike tightening day by day, the Whitehall *communiqués*, issued in the fashion of war, doped the public with news of a daily improvement and with the meaningless assertion that "the situation is well in hand." As the struggle developed the propaganda took on a more sinister form. On the very day of settlement all the resources of advertisement were used to break the strike, and persuade the men to ignore their leaders and to defy the executive of the union by returning to work. Only a few weeks ago there was a general outcry against unofficial strikes and the lack of discipline in trade unionism. Unless the leaders can rule there will be chaos in industry, it was said. Consequently, the propaganda effort to break discipline and to divide leaders from men is a measure of the risks which those responsible for it were prepared to take.

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LORD ROBERT CECIL has contributed much the most enlightened of the moderate comments on the strike. Lord Robert professed no patience with talk of "anarchist" strikes or of "fights to a finish" with them, and said with truth that the most remarkable event in the strike had been the intervention of the trade unions. That was a proof that the Labor movement was in safe hands. He endorsed Mr. Gosling's conclusion that the essential demand of Labor was for a rise in status—from employees to partners. "I regard that," said Lord Robert, "as an accurate diagnosis of the disease," and he added, "I accept and I welcome it." Coming from the leader of the new Conservatism, that is a far-seeing and far-going announcement.

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THE hurry-scurry politics which landed us in the railway strike is now turned on to rebel Ireland. Mr. George has just discovered the Home Rule Act, which comes into operation (under the Suspensory Act) as soon as the last treaty of peace with the last of our foreign foes has been ratified. Therefore, it is clear that when we make peace with Turkey we shall be obliged to try and make peace with Ireland. But Ireland is in a state of infuriated hostility and contempt, excited by everything that the Government has done and said about Ireland since it came into existence. Therefore she will look narrowly and suspiciously even at a good settlement. There is no suggestion that the Government contemplate a settlement at all. The word "federalism" is used, though there is no such thing in our constitution, and nobody wants to put it there; and it is hinted that as a beginning of the system, two subordinate Irish legisla-

tures, one for Ireland, the other for Ulster, may be set up, and allowed to grow into a joint Assembly. If this is the Government's six weeks' child, we should be inclined to spare it the pains of birth.

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THE "Times" is still calling for economy, not with the pruning knife, but with the axe. The real test of the Government's intentions will be its handling of the fighting services. No economies worth mentioning when measured by their ratio to our total expenditure, can be effected in the Civil Service estimates—not even if the Government were to follow the wildly reactionary advice of Lord Rothermere by cutting down the cost of education. The Navy, the Army, the Air Force, and, above all, our subsidies to the Russian Counter-Revolution, are the only big fields open to economy. The "Morning Post" states that the Cabinet has decided to cut down the expenditure on the Army to 60 millions. The Army is resisting vigorously, and it points out that at present prices and present rates of pay this would mean a smaller army than we had for our 32 millions in 1913. That may well be true. The suggestion that "the war to end war" may result in our adoption of a somewhat smaller army appears to have startled the General Staff. But a big reduction may well be impossible without a revision of policy all round. With Ireland subject to a garrison of 70,000, with Egypt in a state of sullen and all but unanimous discontent, and even the Punjab disaffected, and while Mr. Churchill is allowed full rein for his megalomaniac extravagance, an estimate of 60 millions may seem scanty enough.

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THE complication which von der Goltz and his Iron Division are causing in the Baltic Provinces may easily become a grave European problem. The 30,000 or 40,000 men collected in Courland are probably the only first-rate troops under arms anywhere in Eastern Europe, and they may be right in supposing that they could "go through" any number of Russians, Poles, or Letts. They are now mere adventurers, disavowed by the German Government, and bent in the first place on making a career for themselves as the restorers of Tsardom. They have gradually been transferring for many weeks into Russian service. They put on a new cap, and accept the nominal authority of Yudenitch and Koltchak, and that is all. About half of them are already camouflaged in this way, von der Goltz himself has taken service under Yudenitch, and the probability is that all or most of his men will follow him. We do not believe that the motive with many of the officers or any of the men is political. They have a half-starved Germany behind them, and they prefer a jolly if dangerous life of adventure in Russia to unemployment at home. They are, in short, the advance guard of the ten million Germans who, in Mr. Hoover's estimate, must emigrate. They think it will be an easy task to take Petrograd, and after that they have been promised ample donations of land, which will enable them to settle down under the wing of the Baltic Barons in an atmosphere which has been more or less German since the middle ages. All this is not politics, but it affects politics. Koltchak (or his Tsar) will have to lean heavily on these German mercenaries. The young nationalist States of Latvia, Esthonia, and Lithuania will either be upset or Germanized. Finally, the monarchist officer class at home may form a habit of looking to this Russo-German colony for support to bring back the reaction. All this is the consequence mainly of the harsh peace terms. This officer class has no other outlet, and it must somehow live.

MEANWHILE, the Allies have repeated their threat to blockade Germany again, unless this legion is brought home. An almost tearful manifesto addressed to them by the Berlin Government has failed to move them. We think it quite possibly true that Berlin has really wished to ensure their obedience and has failed. Why is it that remonstrances are addressed only to Berlin? To employ these officers and men is a direct breach of the Peace Treaty, which forbade the engagement of Germans in foreign armies. Yudenitch and Koltchak are engaging them, by tens of thousands, and we go on supplying the funds which will go to pay them, and the tanks which they will use. Berlin is to be starved for its failure to recall them, while the Russian Counter-Revolution is allowed to embody them in its armies subsidized by us. The Letts and Estonians are so seriously and even desperately alarmed that they are said to be preparing with inferior numbers to attack these German regiments, in spite of the fact that they are under the Russian flag. The Baltic peoples, hostile as they (or at least their middle class) are to the Bolsheviks, are now much more afraid of the revival of Russian Tsarism based on German bayonets. So little is this dangerous position realized that the "Star" actually announced that it was the Bolsheviks whom von der Goltz had joined.

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WHAT is presumably Mr. Churchill's expedient for dealing with this situation one gathers from an agitated appeal in the "Times" to call in the Finns. General Mannerheim, passing through London, has given it an interview, in which he once more revives his plan for the march of a Finnish army on Petrograd. He is, it must be remembered, a private citizen who holds no office in the Finnish Republic. He was outvoted by three to one in the Presidential election, and is not any longer commander of the Army. Does he propose to return and make a *coup d'état*? The Finnish Republic at this moment, so far from thinking of a march on Petrograd, is joining in the negotiations of the Baltic States for peace with Soviet Russia. In the long run, we believe that either Finnish or German support would be fatal to the Counter-Revolution. A foreign army of invasion might win initial military successes, but its intervention would be even more sharply resented than that of the Western Allies. There is in particular the bitterest race-hatred between Finns and Russians. As for Mannerheim, we must recollect (1) that he was a general in the Russian Army while his country was under the heel of Tsardom; (2) that he was a party to calling the German Army in Finland; and (3) that he was at least responsible for the "White" terror in Finland which holds the record for massacre in these civil wars.

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KOLTCHAK, to be sure, has offered to recognize the independence of Finland, but only on condition that this march on Petrograd is undertaken. The condition shows just how far Koltchak holds himself bound by Allied policy, for the Allies had long ago recognized the independence of Finland unconditionally. Everything goes to show that the Denikin-Koltchak *régime* is preparing to steam-roller all the Russian nationalities with the exception of the Poles and perhaps the Finns. Petliura and the nationalist Ukrainians are now in open and formally declared war with Denikin, and the Poles are indisposed to give him any active help. His military successes none the less continue, and the tide of battle goes against the Bolsheviks, though they are fighting

with apparent obstinacy. Koltchak also has retaken Tobolsk. We note two amazing instances this week of the habitual mendacity of a part of our Press in all that relates to the Bolsheviks. The American General Jadwin, whose murder by Bolshevik bands was confidently announced, has turned up safe and sound. Mr. Goode, the "Manchester Guardian's" correspondent who contrived to reach Moscow, now answers an extraordinary personal attack by the Helsingfors correspondent of the "Times," whose inaccuracies in other matters are notorious. We need not dwell on the details; it is sufficient to say that Mr. Goode, very quietly but very effectively, shows that the whole telegram was a tissue of unrealities. It would be hard to recall a more scandalous infraction of the unwritten code of morals and manners which English journalists usually observe towards each other.

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THE complication of Fiume remains where it was. The weeks go by, and neither the Italian Government nor the Council which still calls itself "supreme" evolves any expedient for dealing with D'Annunzio. The British Government has addressed a note to both the Italian and South Slav Governments (there is, by the way, no South Slav Cabinet in existence), advising them "to abstain from any provocative action." But the Italian provocation has already taken place, and nothing more provocative has happened since the Jameson raid. Such mild counsels are utterly inadequate in their bearing on one side, and somewhat insulting when regarded as a means of consoling the other. Such notes are a mere confession of weakness. In Hungary also there is no change. The Anti-Semitic pro-Hapsburg adventurer Friedrich is still in power with Roumanian backing, and the "Manchester Guardian's" correspondent describes the daily scenes in the streets of Budapest, as pairs of Roumanian cavalrymen drive arrested Jews, Socialists or Liberals, lassoed between them, kicking their victims as they ride. Even in the police courts, judges, warders, and public fall upon the arrested men in the dock and beat them. The looting continues systematically, while impotent Allied Commissioners come and go. If it is true that 1,800 British troops have arrived, we shall become responsible in a new sense. Will these troops support this barbaric Friedrich *régime*, which the Allies, from mere fatigue, seem at last to have "recognized"?

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At the beginning of the week the bulletins on Mr. Wilson's illness were exceedingly grave. They implied, not only that the President was entirely laid aside, but that all public business would be kept from him for what might be a long period. America was at once filled with the wildest rumors, due largely to the fact that more than one brain specialist had been called into consultation. It was even said that arrangements were under discussion for investing the Vice-President, Mr. Marshall, with acting presidential powers. Later messages, however, have been comparatively reassuring. It is not denied that Mr. Wilson has suffered a complete nervous breakdown, accompanied by insomnia and acute digestive troubles; but it is stated that these symptoms, due to the special overstrain of the speaking tour, have on other occasions been successfully overcome. He is watched over with unsleeping vigilance by his medical adviser, Admiral Grayson; and those most familiar with the circumstances read the bulletins as reflecting the physician's excessive caution and protective care. Admiral Grayson's business is to see a President through his term. He will certainly see Mr. Wilson through his.



## Politics and Affairs.

### PEACE MAKERS AND PEACE BREAKERS.

WE agree with Mr. Gosling that the conclusion of the railway strike is not a thing to be trumpeted in terms of victory or defeat. But it is certain that it leaves one party to it stripped of all moral and material credit. Whoever won or whoever lost, that section of the Government which was out for a reduction in the wage of unskilled or partially skilled labor has had a well-deserved drubbing. It offered the railway workers a minimum wage which on the whole worked out for the different grades at figures markedly below the rewards of similar labor in other industries, and it declared that in six months' time a portion at least of these rates must fall with the fall in prices. It declared the offer to be "definitive," to take or to leave. The men answered wrongly and unwisely with the lightning strike. The "antis" in the Government retorted by the low trick of holding back the wages they had earned, and the despotic demand for a resumption of work before any terms of settlement could be discussed, that is to say, for unconditional surrender. The Prime Minister himself denounced the strike as an anarchist conspiracy, and denied it its true and patent character of a conflict over wages and conditions of service. The Trade Union leaders then issued their warning manifesto. In a trice negotiations were resumed. In their result the six months of stabilized wages grew to twelve, the docked arrears were paid up, and the whole policy of standardization was thrown open for discussion without prejudice by the "definitive" offer. In a word, the men were given more than half of what they wanted to start with, and a full opportunity of getting the rest within an ample truce of a year's duration. Mr. George himself invited the chief anarchists to lunch, and bade them good luck on the doorstep of his improvised Soviet.

Now we do not make this brief epitome of facts for the sake of recrimination, and we recognize that when Mr. George was brought to realize the facts he worked for a settlement. If he had put forward as a firm and clear offer his suggestion that in place of a prospective reduction of some fourteen millions on the wages of over 400,000 railwaymen, the main minimum wage was to stand, and that the only reduction was to be on the bonus, and to be contingent on a fall of 110 per cent. in the cost of living, the negotiations need never have been broken off. But the Geddeses' plan was "definitive," and as far as we know was not withdrawn. That and their knowledge of the Government's plans for strike-breaking, now proclaimed and expounded by Mr. George as dating from February last, were all that the railwaymen had before them. Is it surprising that they scented a "lock-out," and surmised, in Mr. Cramp's words, a deliberate attack on the standard of life, made through the bodies of the unskilled railway workers? It was in that moment of rashness and panic on the part of the railwaymen, and of doubt and division in the Government, that the true work of pacification was begun.

The intervention of the Trade Union leaders was the most momentous event in modern British history. The strike had been proclaimed without their knowledge and assent. But as we have said, it touched the issue which in the Geddes presentment of it carried success or downfall for the Labor movement. If the recession of wages began, the alternative was either a general strike or the destruction of trade unionism. The trade unionists were resolved to avert, not one of these catastrophes, but both. They were absolutely united in support of the railway-

men's case, and their attitude was a sufficient answer to the idle talk of a broken strike and a volunteer railway service. But there was at Caxton Hall the spirit of conciliation which had either been banished from Downing Street altogether, or had made a late and fitful appearance there. The nation—not one part of the nation, but all of it—wanted firmness. But it was equally in need of restraint, good feeling, and the true community spirit, and it got them. The moment when the Government hardened its heart was the most critical of our times. Every newspaper director in London knew that for hours the business of production hung on a thread, and that at any moment the printers might be out and a darkness of the mind fall upon the nation. It had gone hard with England, had the Government pressed their demand for unconditional surrender. They were wise enough to withdraw at the instance of the workmen, "extremists" and "moderates" alike, who held the fort for order and liberty. The railwaymen had rushed on what the "Manchester Guardian" calls an "unsocial" act. But the Government, in its turn, or a faction in it, stood for a thoroughly "unsocial" policy. It was the improvised Cabinet of Labor which gave the country back to peace and to such unity as it may in time attain. That act went beyond an average gesture of statesmanship. It was the signal of the arrival of a new order.

For it is clear that the moral of the strike goes beyond its immediate effect on the preservation of the workmen's post-war standards of living and the erection—for it will come to that—of the existing money wages as the basis for real wages should prices fall to their pre-war level. That in itself will be a mighty work of rescue for British labor. There were many bad things in the Britain of 1914. We doubt whether there was anything much worse than the pound a week wage, and the overtime which made it likely that the pound a week man would live a good deal less than the average term of existence. The year's truce to the railwaymen will enable this modest view of the future of labor to be worked into the new scale. But we must all feel that the trouble is not one of wages alone. It was doubtless a surprise to the British workman that his first sight of Mr. George's "new world" was the vision of its Herald Angel barring its entrance against him. Indeed if Mr. George be an angel, he is the most uncalculating member of his species that ever wore wings. The force to which the Mansion House speech is an appeal is of the old world, not of the new; and "civil guards" and (we may add) armored trains packed away in railway sidings, are its familiar ministers in Russia and elsewhere. Where, then, do the peace-makers come in? There was an appeal last week for the early meeting of Parliament. What Parliament? The first significant result of Mr. George's domestic policy was to drive all but a rump of trade unionism out of Parliament. The second has been to turn the Government of the country into a Committee of Capital. The railways are not nationalized, they are merely trustified.

Therefore, with all Mr. George's natural gifts for negotiation, he could not act in the strike as an arbiter, as his predecessors, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith, had acted. He held an incidental brief for the consumers, as for the national order, for which all Governments stand. But his more direct appearance was for the "railway interest" of which the Government had become the agent and trustee, and when the railway workers appeared before him, they came as suitors to the trust-management. In this capacity Mr. George fought the strike for one party, as Mr. Thomas fought it for the other, leaving, as we have said, the true intermediary



part to the leaders of trade unionism. We have no doubt that he used his accustomed arts on his co-directors, and that they were arts of compromise. But the average employer compromises when he is weak, and the Government-employer is very strong. It possesses an almost unlimited recourse to the Press and the Press advertisement. It can draw on the nation for strike-breakers, and in the end it can dispose of the military.

For these reasons the strike from the beginning took on the aspect of civil war, and the "Times" and the "British Weekly" could make a rhetorical division of the nation into friends and enemies, Huns and anti-Huns. Even, therefore, if Mr. George had from the first used the language of conciliation, he was in truth no conciliator. He was "out to win" for his "side," and was at the best a judge in his own cause. And his side was not that of the whole nation. The nation, he says, must be master in its own house. Yes; but in the light of his intervention in the strike, the mastery will be that of one part of the nation over the other. It is this duality of England which is her weakness, as it is that of every great industrial community. Of the spiritual division which it typifies, the lightning strike was merely an expression. What can "Civic Guards" do but aggravate it, or drive it inwards to the blood and heart of the State? Caxton Hall found a palliative of the evil. Downing Street, and not Downing Street only, but social, moral, and intellectual Britain will have to discover and apply the cure. The next important meeting between the Prime Minister and the railway workers will not find him seated in the Council Chamber, while they wait on the door mat. They will both be round the directors' table.

### THE FUTURE OF INDUSTRY.

WE have had in this country in the matter of revolutions a lack of experience almost unique, and when Mr. Thomas warns us that an extension of the strike to the Transport Workers and other Unions would have meant "revolution," we are rather curious as to his precise meaning. Assuming that this general strike had been resolute and unanimous, two types of sequels suggest themselves to the imagination. The Government might have summoned Parliament, passed a revised "D.O.R.A." at a sitting, and taken powers to seize or lock up the strike funds of all the Unions. Backed by the professional army and the Civilian Guard it probably could have repressed the rioting of unarmed men, who must have returned to work eventually under the spur of hunger. Failing such strenuous resistance as this, the men would, of course, have extended their demands. Nowhere save in England would railwaymen, once they had determined to strike, have limited themselves to a bare claim for wages. A general strike could hardly have been kept going on a platform so narrow. Every trade would have asked what advantage it was going to draw from the sacrifices and risks of the strike. Inevitably, every urgent demand for which any influential body of workers really cares, would have found its place in a general charter. One need not suppose that it would have been an extreme document. It would, presumably, have resembled the official Labor Party programme of last year, and would have ranged over such items as the general stabilization or standardization of wages at or about war-time levels, the general adoption in all industries of some measure of joint control for the workers, the nationalization of the railways and the mines, a levy on capital to extinguish the war-debt, and some details like the ending of the war with Soviet Russia.

It would be an amusing exercise to speculate on the reception of this very moderate and reasonable programme. One can imagine stranger things than the discovery by Mr. Lloyd George that it was what he meant by his message in "The Future." He might perhaps have given way to a legally constituted Labor Government. In any event one may be sure that any "revolution" in which such moderates as Messrs. Henderson, Thomas, and Clynes played a part would have done nothing "definitive" without the sanction of an election under democratic forms.

The "revolution," in short, would have amounted, in form, to little more than this, that it might have brought about the resignation of a Cabinet by means other than a hostile vote in the Commons. That is the kind of "direct action" which Lord Northcliffe's newspapers have twice practised in recent years, and when its novelty had worn out, few sober men would find it very alarming. The impotence of Parliament positively calls for the improvisation of new engines of opinion: what the Press did yesterday, Labor may do to-morrow. The shock would probably pass without destroying representative democracy: it might even shake it into new life. These, however, are speculations in the air; apart from any questions of form or procedure, it is vastly more important to make up our minds about the probable contents of a Labor Charter. The power, which might under favorable conditions realize it, is latent in organized Labor, and the events of this strike have taught us that under favoring conditions it may one day be used. If Mr. Smillie had been leading this strike instead of Mr. Thomas, this slumbering force would probably have been mobilized last week.

The new fact in the practical direction of Labor since the war is that it is no longer wholly absorbed with the problem of poverty. The stress is laid on the question of control. The high wages of the war period, due to the dearth of labor and our urgent need of it, have gone far to make an end of the absolute poverty which we used to know in pre-war days, and in spite of high prices, even the rural laborer has, for the first time in his history, reached what he, with his modest standards, regards as a decent level of comfort. The organized worker will fight hard to retain what he has won, even though he must fight under the adverse condition of a crowded labor market. His ambition is not merely to retain the same real wages: he hopes also for what may be the unattainable, a fall of prices and at the same time the retention of his high money wages. His relative prosperity has lasted long enough, however, to drive his ambitions far beyond the simple demand for comfort and high wages.

The spontaneous growth of the shop-stewards' movement ran parallel with the cult of Guild Socialism among the intellectuals. Both laid stress on an ideal of freedom and self-government. The worker has begun to understand that even the fullest development of democracy in the political sphere must leave the major portion of his life unemancipated. His vote may win for him an eight-hours day in a sanitary workshop amid well-fenced machinery; but these ameliorations leave him still throughout these eight hours a human tool whose will has no part in directing the business of production in which he is engaged. He can interfere with it, indeed, from the outside, by imposing "customs" and vetoes, nearly all of them negative and self-regarding, and some of them, perhaps, obstructive. This he can do, not as a recognized member of a society engaged co-operatively in production, but as an outside force, aware of its separate interests and conscious of a latent hostility to the employer class. His social instincts are absorbed in this "union" of his which alone engages his full loyalty. His creative instincts find no satisfac-

tion. He cannot, unless he is a very old-fashioned or a very docile and biddable person, fling his whole energy, his personality, into a mechanism of production which ignores his will. He is still in industry what even the *bourgeois* was in an autocratic or aristocratic State, a subject and not a citizen, called to obedience but denied self-government. He may vote on the provision of parks, tramways, or libraries for his town, but he cannot vote upon what concerns infinitely more than these things, the conduct of the business in which he "serves." He sees, it may be, waste and inefficiency which he cannot remedy, and the more he has the spirit of an energetic and intelligent workman in him, the more is he cramped by the consciousness that he is a helpless cipher.

His case, however, is worse than that. He has begun to analyze the ethics and the finance of capitalist production. He may have worked in a firm which doubled or trebled by way of "bonus" the share-capital of its proprietors, or paid dividends, open or concealed, of anything up to 40 or even 80 per cent. Whatever concession he may be prepared to make as the reward of good management, organizing skill, or scientific contribution, the worker grows increasingly restless under the spectacle of this flow of unearned wealth to the merely idle proprietor or shareholder, to the speculative promoter, and to the owner of rents and royalties. His revolt has its two aspects. He asks for constitutional government in industry, and he objects to the taking of tribute. If he has read a little, he challenges the whole system of production for profit, and sketches clearly or vaguely in his own mind a system of co-operative production for use. If he is, like most of his nation, an empiric, he is content to shake his fist at "profiteers." He sees dimly that it is only by its ownership of the industrial plant that the employing class has the power of command over his daily life. This unlimited right of property has lost for him its conventional sanction.

This movement has gone so far that it can no longer be bought off only by the typical American tactics, which concede high and ever higher wages to the skilled worker, rigidly exclude all grades from any share of control, and exploit the unorganized and the unskilled with complete ruthlessness. Labor is with us too solid and too intelligent for these tactics. Superior persons charge it with materialism. On the contrary the materialistic and anti-social strategy is this, which reserves for the possessing class all the intellectual satisfaction of creation and direction, together with all the opportunities of great wealth, while it tempts the workers into the acceptance of an inferior status. We do not believe that the solution will come here, or in any western country, by a catastrophic process. The tendency, however, moves rapidly in the sense of the workers' demands, and the movement, though its pace differs, is international. Standard schemes have been produced, we imagine quite independently, in recent months, in England, Germany, and the United States which differ only in details. The Plumb plan for the American railways, the Sankey scheme for the British mines, and the slightly more advanced official scheme for the socialization of the German coal mines, are all based on the idea that the actual government of mines and railways is to be in the hands of the men who actually work them, from the officials down to the laborers, with a certain representation for the consumers. The German plan was perhaps logically the clearest. It set up an elected Coal Parliament composed of 25 elected workers, 25 elected officials, 25 delegates of the consumers, and 25 nominees of the State. To this Coal Parliament the salaried directors were to be a responsible Cabinet. Individual profiteering disappears in all these schemes. Managers

and workers may both earn a bonus and receive a share of any surplus, but the rest of it goes to the State. In all these schemes (though less completely in the Sankey plan) the old bureaucratic conception of nationalization disappears. In all of them the expert and official element is blended with the manual workers to form a single guild of producers. The former capitalist will doubtless survive as an appointed manager, or an elected director, but he draws from his position only a fixed salary, with a bonus that varies with his success. In return for his old proprietorial rights, he receives a fixed interest on share capital converted into State bonds.

This type of solution is, we believe, sooner or later inevitable for mines, railways and electric power. Once adopted in these services, it must lead to some constitutional change in the purely bureaucratic management of the post office and the various municipal services. But we cannot for long emancipate the miner and the railwaymen from the direct rule of the private owners, and still expect the shipbuilder, the engineer, and the cotton-spinner to remain entirely content with their old status. Two general tendencies will probably prevail. First, the individual industrialist, the head of the engineering shop or mill, will step down from autocrat to constitutional king, and advance from command to the much harder and more exacting task of leadership. If he remains the head, he will become the chief of an organized society of co-workers. Secondly, in one way or another, the rewards of organizing or scientific ability will be more and more separated from the tribute levied by the passive capitalist and rent-taker, and this last, if it is not eliminated altogether, as the consistent Socialist would demand, may be confined by taxation within narrowing limits. One may concede high rewards measured by results, for the working head of a business. But the passive capital "sunk," as the expressive phrase goes, in a mill or a ship-yard will have to submit to a limitation of its gains. That, after all, is no new principle. Why else does the income-tax discriminate between "earned" and "unearned" income?

These are somewhat vague indications. They are intended, however, in the full and literal sense of the words. We mean by "self-government in industry" a system by which the workers as a body with full rights discuss their daily concerns with the management, and elect their delegates on the board. The day of command is over. The "captain of industry" must learn to lead. If he is not a leader, let him step down to his own place. What we suggest is an evolutionary process, and if it led in the end, as the workers gain in education and ambition and status, to something like Guild Socialism, we should not shrink from that development. The fear of international competition does not alarm us. We believe that our national industry stands to gain by the change, and cannot merely resist the inevitable. The movement, moreover, will be general in all civilized countries. One danger we do, however, foresee—the flight of capital to subject countries, and the substitution of the exploitation of races for that of classes. If Democracy takes this road, its hardest battle will be with industrial imperialism.

#### THE TEST OF FIUME.

SOME play of human motives, of which the historian of the Peace Conference may know more than we can pretend to know, has erected the little Adriatic town of Fiume into a focus of world-politics and a test question for the international idea. For reasons to us mysterious President Wilson chose this particular issue as his battle-ground. Over the future of this port, with



its 45,000 inhabitants, he has fought an unyielding stonewalling battle, while he allowed wrongs that affected many millions of civilized men to be perpetrated at other corners of the map without protest or resistance. We should have thought the choice more intelligible if he had elected to make his stand for one redeeming instance of idealism over the subjection of three millions of European Bohemians to Tchech rule, the veto on the union of Austria with Germany, the annexation of the German Tyrol to Italy, or even over the rape of Shantung. His choice has been made, however, and the world is waiting to see whether in any single instance an international idea will prevail against the super-heated national egoism of the interested States. The conflict was grave enough before d'Annunzio made his raid. It is now a violent melodrama played on a stage which all Europe is watching intently. It is, indeed, only one of three similar tests in which the prestige and authority of the Supreme Council are on trial. Nothing which can now happen in Hungary can save its reputation in that matter; the country has been looted from end to end by the Roumanians, and the reaction has been installed in power. The refusal of the army of German *condottieri* under von der Goltz to evacuate the Baltic Provinces, is relatively a secondary matter, for no one doubts the ability of the Council to coerce our late enemies, if it really wishes to do so. If, in the third case of Fiume, the Council either fails to make his will respected, or adjusts its will to accomplished facts, it will hand over its authority to the League of Nations in a condition so maimed and attenuated, that the experiment of international government will resemble an attempt by a rider with a paralyzed hand to pretend that he is guiding his horse.

Fiume is certainly not an easy problem to settle, for neither of the disputants has to our thinking an entirely convincing case. The Italian claim is, however, by far the weaker of the two. The fact is, of course, that within the municipal limits of the old city of Fiume, the Italian element is preponderant, though it is just short of being in an absolute majority. According to the Census of 1910, the Italian element amounted to 49 per cent. of the population, as against 32 per cent. South Slavs (Croats), and 14 per cent. Magyars. Sheer anarchy would result all over Central and Eastern Europe, if every little racial island must be assigned to its Motherland. The Italians in Fiume are recent settlers, dating for the most part from the years since 1890, and though they now dominate the old town, their preponderance disappears when we reckon with it the big industrial suburb of Susak, divided from the city only by a river, while the landward parishes and the islands, inseparable for economic and administrative purposes from Fiume itself, are solidly Croatian. D'Annunzio's claim is to have annexed this whole district, in which (reckoning Fiume itself) the Slavs outnumber the Italians by four to one. Italy then would have a weak case if Fiume were an inland frontier town which might be detached without grave economic injury to the Hinterland. But Fiume is above all a port, and, moreover, it is the only developed port available for the South Slav State. Italy has taken Trieste (a rather similar case), in which a mainly Italian city stands amid Slovene suburbs and a Slovene countryside, and in doing so, she has deprived German-Austria of any assured access to the sea. Of the other possible ports left to the South Slavs, Spalato (Spljet) has no railway, and Ragusa only a winding and indirect narrow-gauge line through mountainous country. Fiume alone has a modern equipment of docks with good railroad connections. The attribution of Fiume to Italy without reservations, which is D'Annunzio's demand, would mean the throttling of the South Slav State economically,

while in a political and strategic sense it would subject this attractive and promising though immature people to Italian domination, and inaugurate a period of Italian ascendancy and penetration in the Balkans which would reproduce all the old evils of Austrian and Russian imperialism. If these considerations exhausted all the factors which must be considered in disposing of Fiume, we should adhere without reserves to the South Slav thesis, and attribute both city and district to their State, subject to guarantees under the League of Nations for the Italian element.

There is, however, another complication to be considered. Fiume, as a port, serves a much bigger Hinterland than the South Slav State. It is the best port for land-locked Hungary, and the only possible alternative, Trieste, has already been assigned to Italy. Indeed, the city of Fiume was legally a Hungarian town, and its chief function was that it was the port of Budapest. The modern docks and the railway had been built by Magyar enterprise, and though more than the usual Magyar chicanery, and egoism underlay this relationship in the past, the need of the Magyars for a secure outlet to the sea is, in itself, as worthy of consideration as the need of the South Slavs. The Italian colony grew up in the service of the Magyars, and if Italy were to secure Fiume, the alliance would doubtless be continued. Italian policy has played a discreditable part in the intrigues at Budapest, both before and after the fall of the Communist Government, and a permanent alliance of Italian Imperialism with Magyar Chauvinism would be a sinister combination fatal to the peace of the Balkans. It may be formed, in any event, but it would be inevitable if Italy acquires Fiume. The Balkans would then be divided into an Italian party, including Hungary and Bulgaria, and a French party, including the South Slavs and the Greeks, with Roumania as the *tertius gaudens* balancing the bids of both the competitors, or using their rivalries to aggrandize herself at the expense of both. If Hungary must buy the use of Fiume, either from Italy or from the Serbo-Croatian Kingdom, there seems no chance of escaping this game for a balance of power which will work to its "inevitable" war unless the League of Nations grows into a much solidier structure than it promises to be.

The Hungarian factor obliges us then to consider the two aspects of the Fiume question separately. Who shall exercise sovereignty in this little town of 45,000 inhabitants, is one question and much the less important. Who shall control the port and the railways leading to it, is really the major problem. It admits only of one tolerable solution. The League of Nations must exercise here the functions which the International Commission has performed on the Danube. It must provide a good and enterprising administration for the docks and railroads, but above all, it must assure impartial treatment both for Hungarian and South Slav commerce. The model of the Danube Commission is encouraging. It worked well in the material sense, and it was never accused of unfair dealing by any of the six States which depend upon the Danube. Not Fiume only, but Trieste, Salonica, Constantinople, and Danzig ought to be placed commercially under the control of an international authority built upon this model. On this point, M. Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd George are in agreement, and we may assume that so far, at least, they are strong enough to impose their will.

On the other half of the problem, the Franco-British solution is certainly not the best of the three possible answers to the riddle. One may arrange the political future of Fiume in one of the three ways. One may give it to Italy, or to the South Slav Kingdom, or one may make of it a Free City, a Hansa town, independent and self-governing, under the control and



guarantee of the League of Nations. To give the city to Italy is a bad solution for the city itself, if it means that it will be cut off by tariffs and administrative frontiers from the surrounding Croat country. It would become merely a dormitory, in which people slept at night while working in the international port by day. To give the district also to Italy would make the matter worse, for in this way a big Croat population would be sacrificed. Again, unless this territory were neutralized, it would become an Italian naval and military base, a pistol pressed actually against the body of the South Slav State. There is in Europe to-day no hatred more vivid than that of Italians and South Slavs, and neither of them would regard this arrangement as anything but a strategic preparation for an eventual war. If peace were preserved it would be only because the Italians may make themselves too formidable in Fiume to be attacked. Mr. Wilson, in our opinion, has done well to oppose this solution. Italy has pressed her pretensions at other points with harsh and impolitic urgency. She has annexed already a big Slav population round Trieste and in Istria, while she is keeping Zara on the Dalmatian coast as a point of penetration, with a whole network of little islands inhabited by Slavs to serve her naval purposes. There is no reason in equity why a point should be stretched in her favor at Fiume.

Either of the other solutions would be satisfactory.

## LILULI.

BY ROMAIN ROLLAND.

(Continued from page 8.)

### IV.

LILULI: He wouldn't change places with a king. To sleep on a cannon dreaming of Fraternity. . . . Could anything be pleasanter, at twenty? I'm sure it tempts you, too. (She approaches Polichinelle with an engaging smile.)

Polichinelle (recoils): No thank you! God be praised, I'm more than twenty. I never appreciated my good luck so much till to-day.

Liluli (coming yet nearer): It's never too late to be happy.

Polichinelle (draws further back): No thanks! I've been totally rejected.

Liluli: What a pity!

Polichinelle (ironically): Such a handsome fellow, too!

Liluli: Not so bad, you know. (Polichinelle bursts out laughing, but allows Liluli to come a little nearer.) And if you want, I can get you accepted, as a special favor.

Polichinelle (again draws back): No thanks.

Liluli: Why do you move away? You have a sound pair of legs, at any rate. March a little, let me see. Swing your arms, lift your legs. . . . What a fine soldier!

Polichinelle: Yes, I should be good at running away.

Liluli: That's something. In these days, my friend, one can only run from under one fire into another. So I undertake you will always be a hero. Don't worry.

Polichinelle: I don't worry at all. A hero on a bier. . . . I prefer beer in my gullet.

Liluli: But you'll get it, in addition to everything else. Cool beer, good cheer, glory, obituary. . . . ("O glorious dead, I envy you!") . . . by one of the great gentlemen of our Academies, whose greatness keeps him (poor man!) on the hither shore, or even an oration by Frédéric Masson. Tell me what you want. There's nothing one wouldn't do to please you, you rogue! I have quite a weakness for you.

Polichinelle: For me?

Liluli: For your pink nose, for your face like a laughing moon before its first quarter, for your handsome goggle eyes, round and wide with liveliness, your gay humor and your walk, like the walk of a dancer who, for greater convenience on his tight-stretched rope, has swallowed his balancing pole.

It would be simpler to give the administration of the city to the South Slavs, subject to guarantees for the Italian population. To make the place not only a free port, but also a free international city would be a gain for the international idea, and a source of strength for the League. It seems idle, however, to dwell on such flattering prospects. Italy will get the city, because, of the two claimants, she is the stronger and somewhat the harder to coerce. By that compromise the Supreme Council will lose something of its already abated prestige. Nothing will remain of that vanishing quantity, however, unless D'Annunzio is dealt with, and his programme dismissed. If Fiume does go to Italy, its soil must be neutralized, its port must be placed under the League and the country behind it must be left to the South Slavs. D'Annunzio is more than a troublesome eccentric. He is a symptom of the malady that is rapidly conquering all Europe. Mankind has acquired the habit of reliance on force. From Dublin to Moscow, in the camps of the rebels no less than among the men of order, the spectacle of war has maddened the imagination of mankind. The strokes of lawless force have, since the Armistice, succeeded much too often, and every reckless faction draws the conclusion that violence pays. If it pays in D'Annunzio's case, European civilization will go rattling unchecked into barbarism, and the last hope of a just international control will desert us.

Polichinelle: Have you done laughing at me?

Liluli: Don't you know that a woman must always laugh at what she loves? (She tries to draw near.)

Polichinelle: Keep your distance, you wanton!

Liluli: Do you mistrust me?

Polichinelle: I am afraid of your tongue.

Liluli: Are you afraid of my lips, too?

Polichinelle: No. . . . Yes. . . . Polichi, my boy, you're in the soup. . . . No, stop! (He recoils at the moment when she is almost touching him.)

Liluli: Coward! To reassure you, would you like me to hold up my hands? *Kamerad!*

Polichinelle: How white and plump your arms are!

Liluli: Feel! They're genuine. Best wall fruit, silky, downy. . . . (Polichinelle puts out his hand, withdraws it, advances it once more. Meanwhile Liluli has advanced, without his realizing it, and his hand touches her.) Cold. . . . hotter. . . . very hot.

Polichinelle: Hum! I have it.

Liluli: He's had!

Polichinelle (feeling her): A peach. . . . velvety and sweet. (He puts his arm round her waist.) What deceptive thinness! Who'd have thought it! . . . Plump as a quail, well-covered, cushiony. . . . Tell me, how did you manage to look so diaphanous, a mere shadow, a breath, a soul, without flesh or hemispheres, when you were putting your little canary in his cage?

Liluli: My little sleeper? To each his favorite groundsel.

Polichinelle: A cuttle-bone or the canaries!

Liluli: For the dreamers of twenty, the soul. The body is nothing, nothing but an accident. Isn't that so, Polichi?

Polichinelle: No, no, I don't live on souls. I've got a good appetite.

Liluli: Glutton! I hope you're well served.

Polichinelle: I can satisfy myself here. In this orchard I see plenty to eat and drink.

Liluli: But it's not the right moment.

Polichinelle: Why not?

Liluli: Not in front of everyone! (She points to the people passing in the road.)

Polichinelle: I'm not at all embarrassed.

Liluli: But I'm so chaste.

Polichinelle: It's a good thing you said so; one couldn't have guessed it.

Liluli: Come this way.

Polichinelle: Where?

Liluli: To the bushes. (She lures him towards the road.)

Polichinelle: I'd prefer somewhere further off.

Liluli: Don't twist your neck, you coward, like a heron. Look into my eyes.

Polichinelle: I don't see myself very beautiful in them.

Liluli: You will be, you are, if I like, if you like. Do you want to be handsome?

Polichinelle: And what can you offer me?

Liluli: Anything you like: one hump more . . . or less. At your will. I can make your body straight as a young reed, your nose white as a lily, and there, in your chin, the sweetest dimple.

Polichinelle: Come, come!

Liluli: By my breast! Look at my eyes. Closer, closer. Do you see yourself in them? (Walking backwards, she draws him on to the edge of the road, on to the bank overhanging the sunken way. She continues to retreat and floats over the void, unnoticed by Polichinelle, who is not looking at her feet. But he comes suddenly to his senses, just as the ground is failing beneath his feet, just in time to throw himself backwards, escaping from two sturdy fellows with hang-dog faces—recruiting sergeants—who were lying in wait at the bottom of the ditch, to pick him up.)

Polichinelle (springing back): Rooti-toot-toot! I see it's Jack's fate to be hung!

One of the Recruiting Sergeants (rising up with a recruiting poster on a sandwich-board): Gentlemen, for glory's sake!

Polichinelle: Go and do your coney-catching elsewhere!

Liluli: Are you leaving me?

Polichinelle: Catamite! (followed by the recruiting sergeants, he climbs up a fruit-tree.)

One of the recruiting sergeants (at the foot of the tree, nose in air): Come, sir, come. They're only waiting for you. Everybody has enlisted. Come now, we're shutting up shop. Look at these uniforms! This helmet would suit you nicely. It's a bargain. Would you like some gold lace? There, there, sir, come down!

The Other Recruiting Sergeant: Come down, you devil, or I'll climb up and unhook your moon-face.

Polichinelle: Look out for the plums! (He bombards them.)

Second Recruiting Sergeant: The coward! He's a *franc-tireur*!

First Recruiting Sergeant: That isn't done. Kindly understand, sir, that a single man, if he isn't a soldier, has no right to defend himself. It's criminal.

Polichinelle: Ah! how nice it is to be a soldier!

Second Recruiting Sergeant (to Liluli, pointing at Polichinelle in the tree): What are we to do, ma'am, with this hunch-backed pumpkin hanging up there. He's a danger to the passers-by. Shall we pick the fruit?

Liluli: No, no; we'll let him ripen. Sooner or later, the melon will come and offer itself on our plate. It's not quite ready yet. We must wait till the sun has gilded his flanks.

Polichinelle: You can wait, then!

Liluli: I shall have you.

The Recruiting Sergeants: We shall have him!

Polichinelle: Never! Laughter is a weapon against Illusion.

Liluli: You're mistaken, my good friend. You work for me. You think yourself clever because you "don't believe in it." "You don't believe in it," you laugh; but you do as the rest do. Laugh away, my boy. Your laughter helps the men I lead to march. And you march, too. Tiddledy-widdledy! "Faut pas s'en faire!"

Polichinelle: You, baggage, liar! . . . But isn't she pretty, all the same!

Liluli (looks at him, laughing): Good-bye, my lover!

Polichinelle: Don't show your teeth like that in the sun; they'd make a man want to be eaten!

Liluli: Melon, I shall have your slices!

The Recruiting Sergeants: *On les aura!* (Polichi-

nelle stays in the tree. Liluli, followed by the Recruiting Sergeants, makes her way towards Janot, the Donkey Driver, who has gone on, all this time, quietly digging his field.)

The Recruiting Sergeants (pointing at Janot): And what about this hard fruit, this stony, sunburnt medlar. . . .

Liluli: Pick away. You mustn't neglect anything. (She approaches Janot. The others remain a few paces distant. She calls): My good man! (He does not turn round.)

The Recruiting Sergeant: Hi! Peasant! (Liluli makes a sign to them to be quiet and comes nearer Janot.)

Liluli: Good day, my friend.

Janot (hardly-lifting his head): 'Morning. (He turns his back on her.)

Liluli: What work! But, good Lord! you're sweating your life out, my friend. Take a little rest. The sun strikes hard, the shade is pleasant, the day's long, life short. Don't hoe up the whole plain. Don't sweep the board of all the trouble. You must reserve a little for every day of the week. Have you nothing that obliges you to this labor? No master, nor family? That man's an ass who exerts himself too hard. By digging so much, a man digs his grave. What need have you to be for ever turning, scratching, poking, plaguing the earth as you do? She lies yawning, on her back in the sun, swooning with languor. Let them alone. You disturb them. They know how to make you fine children, blonde harvests, blue cabbages, the frail oats through which the warm winds send the shivering ripple of water, the potato's big nose, fleshy and podgy, and, if you like, the golden vine with its chubby grapes from which you shall milk into your vats, under your big feet, old Noah's red milk! I'll vouch for it, you can believe me. Nothing to do but to look on and drink! There now, come along, follow, my Jacky! (She makes as though to go away.)

Polichinelle: What a snare of a wench! What chatter!

Janot (raising his head for a moment and looking at Liluli as he leans on his spade): What are you after, young woman?

Liluli: I want to help you.

Janot: Much obliged! You can spread this dung for me, then.

Liluli: Pugh! What with?

Janot: With your fingers, of course. It's the most delicate work.

Liluli: My pretty fingers!

Polichinelle: Ah! Liluli! Say, does it tempt you?

Liluli: But tell me, peasant, doesn't it give you the pip? Working like a beast, with your head bent down and your tongue out, on these sun-scorched lumps of earth, you must raise a fearful thirst. Won't you have a drink?

Janot: Certainly. This evening.

Liluli: This evening we shall be old, my friend. Who knows if, this evening, we shall still have any wine, or, under our noses, the cellar into which to pour it? Be reasonable, let us profit by the occasion. We shall never drink so young again.

Janot: Don't worry yourself. I've got the time. When he wants to have a drink, a man has no need of teeth.

Liluli: He's rooted. One word more, Janot. Tell me, do you love your earth?

Janot: I should think so.

Liluli: I've got a lovely piece of ground for you, up there.

Janot (looking at the sky, stupidly): Up there?

Polichinelle: Oh, you tall-story-teller, you romancer, what are you going to tell him next? After the vineyards of the Lord, the heavenly kitchen-gardens.

Liluli: Do you see these people going along the road? Striding along, going on and on. Up there, up there, over and beyond the mountains. Lovely brown land with clods like butter, thick, crumbling beneath the ploughshare, melting beneath the hand, like a breast, prolific as the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. . . .

What do you say to that, Janot? Eh? Would you like

some! There it is! Your chops water. Come and take your share of it. Up, my boy! Aren't you coming? (She makes as though she were going.)

Janot: Oh yes, when I've finished here, I shall go over there.

Liluli: They'll take everything, Janot.

Janot: I take my share now, on the spot.

Liluli: A miserable nothing compared with the treasures I offer you! . . . A harvest that will burst the bins and the barns. Fruit that will break down the branches. All you have to do is to bend down and pick up what falls.

Janot: Two feet are better than three stilts.

Liluli: The other folks' feet are running.

Janot: Mine stick fast.

Liluli: So then you'll let all your neighbors go?

Janot: If your neighbor is going to drown himself there's no need for you to go with him.

Liluli: Oh! Ass! Anyone who gives you a wiggling will only lose his own wig. But if Liluli's voice has not the gift of charming you, we may be able to find someone else who will make you march. Do you disdain my eyes? Perhaps hers will be better able to touch you.

Polichinelle: Who are you speaking of?

Liluli: My cousin who has turned sour, Opinion.

Polichinelle: Bah! Go along with you!

Liluli: Who laughs last laughs best.

Polichinelle: He won't march.

(*To be continued.*)

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE lightning strike was, of course, a great blunder, for unaccompanied by any statement of the men's case, or even a previous communication with the associated trade unions (such as the Transport Workers), it condemned itself, with thousands of sympathetic minds, no less than with the average anti-Labor public. In its way it was a kind of Interdict, and though it didn't lay Britain waste, it might have gone hard with many British babies. A longer time-limit, such as the fortnight which the miners' ballot allows, and a simple statement of ante-war wages as compared with the first Government offer, would have ranged all England (or all but "Morning Post" England) on the men's side, and yielded victory without a blow. Why was not this done? It is said that Mr. Thomas, seeing a strike inevitable, and determined to avoid "down tools" all round, preferred to keep his own counsel, and go out with the railwaymen alone. Their action had its heroic side, for the locomotive men, who had got everything, risked losing all, rather than leave the unskilled men in the lurch. But as this was the first lightning strike, I think it will be the last. The mind of trade unionism was never with the tactics of the strike. But its whole soul and strength were with its moral objective.

LET me correct one gross error, calculated or other, of the governmental press. The strike was a perfect success of organization and was never once in danger of being broken. I give my own evidence. On the last day I travelled 150 miles through the heart of industrial England. I met one train *en route*, and counted two others at sidings. For the rest the stations and the gleaming lines of rails were like roads and halting places in a country stricken with plague. Miles on miles of trucks, empty and laden, with or without their smokeless engines, lined the sidings. Nearly all the attendants on our train were old men—station-masters, inspectors, most of them obviously pensioners, or old servants on the verge of the pension period. They did their work gravely, unsmilingly; one or two I discoursed with were in general sympathy with the strikers, and thought the Government's scale of wages most unjust to the unskilled

workers. The pickets looked quietly on as our solitary train wound in and out of the stations. There was nothing to disturb them there.

THE strike evoked a good deal of kind and tolerant temper in all classes, but it will leave some ugly memories behind. It brought vividly to my mind Dizzy's theory of the Two Nations. The classes hardly disguised their dislike of the insurgent masses, and were not over-reminiscent of their ancient obligations to them. There were Huns and anti-Huns. "We are much encouraged," said the editor of the "British Weekly," "by the admirable temper of the people. *They have taken up the challenge as they took up the German challenge—not with bitterness,*" &c., &c. No, not with bitterness but perhaps with a little temper. The railway workers had carried the talented editor of the "British Weekly" for thousands of miles, and brought thousands of commodities to his door, and had then ceased for a few hours to carry and purvey for him. Their "challenge" was nothing more obviously inadmissible than a claim to something rather better than their pre-war life and appurtenances of livelihood. But the stoppage of this common carrier's work was a little sudden, and it has not been forgiven. "Thank Heaven," said a lady, "that there were 5,000 gentlemen ready to bomb the Bolshevik meetings from the air." Thus some British men and women—not too many I hope—spoke and thought of the British workman, lately the British soldier.

MEANWHILE, many feel that the trade unions themselves will be wise to put some limitation on the right to strike. As I have said, that exists automatically in the form of the ballot. The ballot, at least, taken after a reasonable period, is a slowly fired time-fuse, whereas the decision of an Executive, taken under the excitement of a sudden and bitter controversy, such as the Geddes ultimatum awoke, may well act as a quick and high explosive. Moreover, it is a democratic instrument, and likely, therefore, to qualify the appeal to force. "Direct action" has not, I think, gained as the result of the strike. Neither has the form of trade union constitution of which the N.U.R. is an example.

I HAVE reason to believe that Mr. Whitley was virtually the author of the terms of settlement.

I SAW much of Alfred Deakin on his first visit to England; less of him on his second. He had every endearing quality, added to his genius for eloquent and never empty speech, and his love and understanding of Australian democracy. I lamented his Protectionism; he despised my Cobdenism; otherwise we were almost always in sympathetic accord. He read much in modern letters, thought eagerly and freshly, and was, above all, a generous, high-minded man, ardent of temperament, elevated of soul and purpose. I thought him a little calloused on his second visit, and tending to overspeak himself, unduly worn with the unceasing labors of Commonwealth politics, and perhaps disillusioned as to their end. I recall an incident of his earlier sojourn. We went together on a visit to Meredith at Box Hill. Deakin was so bold as to ask the great man what passage in his novels he loved best. Meredith looked down, and after a pause, replied in a low, embarrassed voice: "The fight in the pass in 'Vittoria.'" He meant, of course, the duel between Carlo Ammiani and Weisspriess.

SIR EDWARD COOK's later life was, I am afraid, a shadowed one; and his reserve of spirit and manner gave an impression of habitual melancholy which a closer



knowledge than I possessed might have belied. Though he edited two great papers, the "Daily News" and the "Pall Mall" (afterwards the "Westminster"), and wrote always with ability, I could not but think of him as a literary man who had strayed into journalism, rather than as the born and natural journalist. This he showed when he threw aside the daily task, and began to write books. As an author his remarkable powers in arranging and setting forth a mass of material had full scope, and his "Life of Florence Nightingale" was little short of a masterpiece. With his plainness, dryness, and sedateness of style, and his pamphleteering gift, he was indeed a strange yokefellow to Stead, all color and vivacity and rush. He had a place; for he was a pioneer and exponent of Liberal Imperialism. A strange creed, but it suited Cook's precise though not logical mind. I should hardly have called him a candid controversialist. But he was certainly not a consciously dishonest one.

If anyone wants to see exquisite draughtsmanship, inspired by deep and sympathetic emotion, he should go to the Exhibition of Ruskin's drawings lately opened by Sir Aston Webb in three large rooms of the Royal Academy. The Ruskin Centenary Council has collected there very many fine specimens of his work, representing every stage of his development from boyhood upwards. It is hard to choose whether to admire more the architectural or the landscape drawings. But patient and beautiful as the studies of such architecture as Abbeville and Venice are, I am myself most attracted by the simple and imaginative representation of mountain forms. It is astonishing that one man should have accomplished such drawings almost as a by-work. During the next few weeks lectures on Ruskin and his influence will be given in the Academy rooms by John Masefield, Dean Inge, R. G. Collingwood, Howard Whitehouse, Henry Nevinnson, C. F. G. Masterman, and others.

I APPEND some stray leaves of my Diary as one turns them over in the musing idleness of a holiday mood:—

How little do theoretical revolutionists know of the way the world is going. Here, for example, is Mr. Hyndman, who has been preaching Marx in the wilderness for the last forty years or so. And when Russia and Hungary take over the gospel of Marx and found Governments on it, Mr. Hyndman will have nothing to say to them.

Ideas are inexpressible. When we try to express them they become fallacies or part-truths. As writers get older they perceive this, and begin to qualify. But qualification is endless.

We are always building tabernacles, and mistaking them for temples. But the wind soon blows them away.

Listen to young people laughing with each other at table and elsewhere. They are never witty, only humorous in a primitive fashion. Wit comes later, and is always a little cruel.

Post-impressionism seems to me to consist largely of unrelated impressions. Its disconnectedness is the secret of its strength; hence the vividness of its color.

Boredom is a *via dolorosa*, but it seems to lead a few people to heaven.

We laugh at the Chinese for making their statesmen attain at least a pass degree in morality and the art of expressing themselves properly. Yet what would we have given this very week for a statesman who could answer either the one test or the other?

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE JOYS OF HONEST TOIL.

"Among the volunteers were the Earl of Portarlington, who moved meat at a railway terminus and milked goats; the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Lathom, Lady Marjorie Dalrymple, who delivered food in her own car," &c., &c.—*The Morning Post*, October 7th, 1919.

THE temporary arrangement which ended the recent strike was received with almost universal joy. Trade Union delegates sang the Red Flag in the unaccustomed halls of Downing Street. Anxiously waiting crowds outside cheered with relief. In many churches the congregations, led by the officiating priest, broke into the Doxology, praising God from Whom all blessings flow. Next morning the newspapers praised Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Bromley, and nearly every one concerned. Most people went about like them that dream; their mouth was filled with laughter and their tongue with singing. Nearly everyone rejoiced with a sense of escape. But, alas! it is a good wind that blows nobody any ill. There was a certain class of people that heard the joyful news with lamentation and dismay. It was not a large class, but it was sensitive, and the news struck it like an unexpected blow. It fell upon its members, as they pathetically remarked, "like a bolt from the blue." Hopes which for the previous nine days had risen high were dashed to the ground. The new life which had opened before many of them like a glimpse of Paradise was again shut out. The door to happiness was slammed in their faces. Their occupation had been brief, but it was sweet, and it was gone. Needless to say, we refer to the Unemployed.

Considerable numbers of that class—the titled, the wealthy, the "comfortably off"—had eagerly grasped the offer of work. They instantly recognized the full value of the opportunity presented by the strike. They clutched at it as a beggar is supposed to clutch at a crust in the gutter. With the mere husks of it, as it were, they were fain to fill their hungry and empty lives. Like dogs they gathered up the crumbs of work that fell from the workmen's table. They welcomed in work a release from oppressive carelessness and unchartered freedom. Schopenhauer said that man's life oscillates perpetually between the toil of labor and the boredom of idleness. But here were wretched people whose pendulum of life hardly oscillated at all, but stood set at boredom or seldom moved. The strike opened to them the chance of oscillation and invigorating change. To them it dawned like the dayspring to dwellers in Nova Zembla, and they rushed to meet its gleam of hope. Whether they were paid or not, they rightly perceived in it a golden opportunity.

Extraneous inducements spurred them on, though they needed not the spur. Flatterers told them they were saving the community, and their conscience told them that for once the flattery was true. When a Countess turned up such sleeves as she possessed, the deed was emblazoned upon the roll of history. When a Lord succeeded in running a railway train from the South Coast to Clapham well within ten hours, his name and prowess were recorded. As a Viscount trundled the milkcans, at any moment a photographer might immortalize him in the mirror of the century's life. Nor was the glamor of battle absent. Eyes gleamed with the glint of contest which some observers said they detected among our heroic troops in France. For, as they were frequently told, it was Civil War upon which the Unemployed had found employment; and, as in the previous war, their favorite newspapers cheered them on with the cry of "a fight to a finish."

But, as we have said, they needed none of these extraneous and secondary inducements. To them their work, if not identical with their virtue, was equally its own reward. Work added the required salt and spice to their life. It gave an unsuspected zest to the whole of their existence. To rise early and catch the sweetness of the morning, how refreshing it was! To guide the roaring locomotive through the darkness of the night, how mysterious and romantic! How jocund did they drive their cars afield! How bowed the brakes beneath

their sturdy stroke! "Nothing," said Goethe, "is so pitiable as the idle man; he finds the greatest pleasures nauseating." By the decree of a kindly Providence, it is arranged that pleasure is increased in geometric progression by the addition of work up to a certain quantity, and now for the first time the Unemployed found the requisite quantity added. With what youthful appetite the middle-aged returned to dinner after a day spent in calling out the names of stations along the Tube! After unloading provisions at a terminus from morn till dewy eve, with what an ecstasy of thirst they approached the flowing bowl set ready upon the table that smiled with silver! With what welcome the busy housewife, plying her evening care, received her labored hero to the blazing hearth! And for the titled housewives themselves, how sweet to sit in tents, supplying tea and caviare sandwiches to workmen of their own class! How far more alluring than the stale old party in the usual house! And to the zest of honest toil and satisfied vanity was added the comfortable consciousness of patriotic, or at least municipal, duty virtuously performed.

If the Unemployed were acquainted with literature, we could imagine that from many a wealthy home must have risen the strain of old Dekker's "Happy Heart":

"Then he that patiently want's burden bears  
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!  
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!  
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;  
Honest labor bears a lovely face;  
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!"

The wise among the rich and great have long acknowledged the secret of this joy. There was a king took to watchmaking; none of his clocks or watches went right, but he continued the useless toil for pleasure, only asking how he could be expected to make a people go right if he failed with clocks. Alfred failed equally as a baker, but he tried. Peter the Great exercised his greatness in the shipyard. Christina of Sweden took to mathematics; Marie Antoinette to knitting. Charles II. enlivened his merriment by work of some sort or other. Louis XVI., finding the times were out of joint, became a joiner, and would gladly have pursued that healthy occupation to a peaceful old age. The late Tsar was reported to be quite clever at embroidery. The late Lord Salisbury electrified Hatfield with his own lights. Mr. Gladstone's passion for hewing wood is famous; as some hostile paper wrote, "The forest groans that Gladstone may persevere." But it was not only the physical advantages of sweat and exercise that these great ones sought. We may be sure that they discovered in honest toil a clarity of intellect, an intimacy with the realities of this concrete world which we can only hope our upper classes have discovered also, and will retain, though their spell of joyous occupation has been so brief. It is rather disappointing to read in the "Weekly Dispatch" that the majority of these happy laborers wore gloves at their work. Alas! it is not so that the horny hand acquires its cunning. We fear that work, like art, is a long, long business, and workmen's dwellings were not built in a day. Next time perhaps the Unemployed may have better luck, and their period of delightful holiday-work may be indefinitely extended.

Only once before has the present writer seen so happy and salutary a change befall large numbers of the human race. The circumstances were similar, for it was during the general strike which heralded the attempted revolution in Russia fourteen years ago. Released from their palaces, their country houses, and commercial mansions, down came the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, the wealthy landowners, the bankers, merchants, capitalists, and official classes. The Post Office attracted them chiefly, for tons of unsorted letters were lying there, and letter-sorting demands comparatively little intellectual strain, but a certain amount of manual labor, which was just what they wanted. Never in Russia were seen such happy faces, such sweet content, such healthy cheeks, such tripping grace, such charming and serviceable costumes, such exquisite *cameraderie* between men and women, and among women themselves. It is miserable to think that most of those delighted people, then so full of joy at having obtained the opportunity of their lives, are now probably either dead or

reduced to extreme poverty. If only they had been suffered to continue their labor, they might have been spared one fate and the other. But destiny was against them, and it drove them pitilessly back to the wretched monotony of their leisure.

We mentioned *cameraderie* as one of the blessings which those aristocratic and wealthy Russians obtained during their short interval of happiness, and indeed it was one of the chief. We cannot doubt that our own Unemployed found it so during their great Nine Days' Wonder. "Work makes the Comrade" (if we may quote another of Goethe's Proverbs in Prose). Compared with the comradeship of work in common, all other forms of friendship are dull and insipid. How shallow and unreal is every kind of intercourse, outside the comradeship of work! Soldiers know it; miners know it; even undergraduates know it, in so far as they work at all. In common work lies the true Freemasonry, the only friendship that will stand the strain of personal knowledge, or is worth the trouble of preserving. How grand a blessing then for the Unemployed in our upper classes to have revelled in this perfect friendship just for this once in all their lives! The "Evening News" of last Monday had a touching photograph of a young man shaking hands for ever with a young woman on a motor bicycle. "Good-bye and good luck to you," he cries, and the comment is added, "The strike is over—and Hyde Park to-day saw many farewells." Adieu, they cried, and waved their lily hands (that is to say if they took off their gloves). The thought of it is too deep for tears. The end, the bitter end, of the only possible comradeship had come, and all because our Unemployed are excluded by cruel fate from the labor they would love!

One of the illustrated papers which purveys mental sustenance to these unfortunate people, depicted a gentleman described as "one of the best shots in the country," engaged in clearing waste paper off the permanent way. In this form of honest toil he had, perhaps, missed his proper sphere. Probably he was intended for a hunter, to supply the poulterers with edible birds, rather than for a scavenger. For it is noticeable that what was once real work, like hunting, often tends to become an amateur sport, as time goes on; but the born workman, such as this excellent shot, still loves to treat it as though it were work. But the "amateur porter" who wrote to the "Times" to say that when he lost his humble literary berth he would know where to look for a healthy, care-free life and £300 a year, was obviously a born porter, and he loses by being a literary man just as much as a born literary man would lose by being a porter, which we suppose often happens. Exercise of the best natural function with which each may be endowed, is, after all, the highest happiness, and it is as terrible for a rich or educated man as for a poor and uneducated to be deprived of the opportunity for that exercise.

That is why we regarded the end of the strike as a lamentable occurrence for so many excellent people, who for the first time in their lives were enabled to develop their natural functions by honest toil, and to give the world assurance of their manhood. Let not real Labor mock their useful toil, nor Poverty hear with a disdainful smile the short and simple efforts of the rich. Everyone must begin, and they did their best. To them the promise of a new world—a world fit for heroes—opened as for the rest. But it closed again to them, and within how short a time! We all know the dreariness of return to an old way of life after an interval of hopeful change. So dearly those poor sufferers under our economic system went back from cheerful labor to jazzing, and we can but repeat the prayer which we believe Mr. Horatio Bottomley uttered over them when they set about their pleasing task of running locomotives: "May the good God guide you!"

#### THE END OF A STRIKE.

Crowds were waiting long before the doors were opened at the Albert Hall last Sunday night. An hour before the meeting began they swept into the building. They were pleasantly and naturally polite. Once or twice



hitches occurred through doors being locked, or suddenly opened, which in the ordinary Albert Hall audiences might have caused nasty rushes. Here it was a case of "You first, please." They would not even swarm from box to box, stepping over the partitions, in order to get front seats, until encouraged to do so. The crowded hall, in diminished light, presented a remarkable spectacle. It seemed less a gathering of workers than of families. The wives were there. So were considerable numbers of children. Everybody was well dressed. Here were Sunday suits in evidence; in many cases extra Sunday suits; wedding suits. There were quite a number of jolly good-looking boys. One supposes they were the van boys or the "cleaners" who had been the subject of so much controversy. Nicely dressed, with white shirts and black coats, they might have been boys come down for the day from Harrow or Shrewsbury or Dulwich. The older men looked comfortable and benign. Some of them puffed away thoughtfully at their pipes. Most of the audience were not smoking at all. The young men looked quiet and sensible. All wore the red rosette flowers which were being sold for the railwaymen's orphanages. The atmosphere was subdued. It resembled that of a pleasant Sunday afternoon. The East End had come to the West, and dressed for the occasion.

The hour of waiting was spent for the most part in silence. There was none of that hum of conversation which distinguishes an Albert Hall audience before a political or musical gathering. The tone was neither exuberant nor mournful. One could detect a certain amount of anxiety—to hear the terms of settlement; with, I think, undoubted satisfaction that a settlement had been obtained. Cheerful calls by lively comrades produced a very limited response. "Are we downhearted?"—the commonest, evoked, after the *n*th repetition, scarcely an audible answering denial. "Boos" were called for for the Prime Minister and the Geddes, but they were given without any trace of anger. It was as different from a political or Socialist meeting in the Albert Hall as one could imagine. No audience ever looked less like the "working man" depicted in the "Daily Herald." It looked perhaps less like the "working man" depicted in the "Morning Post." But then the working man depicted in the "Morning Post" is an imperfect deduction from the "Daily Herald." The "Herald" placards were scattered about, and occasionally an enthusiast called for cheers.

There were intervals of almost complete silence between the songs and hymns. On a lady arriving late in the box where I was sitting, all the men rose up to offer her their seats. I asked one behind me if the strike was settled. He said "Yes." I asked him on what terms. He did not know the terms. "We have beaten the Government," he said. "That's all I care about." Later in the evening, when the terms were announced, his enthusiasm was tempered. The organist played the accepted revolutionary songs. He was aided by a man vigorously playing the cornet at the top of the gallery. We had "England Arise," and "When wilt Thou save the people?" and the Russian National Anthem and the Marseillaise. Only a few attempted to join in. The words were evidently unknown to the general. Every ten minutes the organist fell back on the "Red Flag." When the organist was not playing it he was giving us selections from his repertoire. He played "Good King Wenceslaus." He played "Three Blind Mice." Some of the audience recognized the latter, and, seeing an allusion to Mr. Lloyd George and the Geddes, laughed and cheered. Cornet, in the gallery, getting restive, played a line of a familiar hymn tune. One expected to hear the first line of "Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear." Instead of which, they broke into a low chant (the tune is a mournful one), "Are we downhearted?—No—No—No"—repeated four times, with varying intonations, to each verse. Cornet, stimulated to greater effort, broke into the first bars of "Tipperary." The organ took up "Tipperary." The whole audience sang "Tipperary." They encored themselves, and sang "Tipperary" again. Then they sang "Pack up your troubles

in your old kit-bag and Smile—Smile—Smile." Then they sang some song of pleasant sadness with the refrain "You'll be sorry that you made me cry." This plaintive number was, however, interrupted by the entrance of the men's leaders. The organ switched off into the "Red Flag," then into "He's a jolly good fellow." The lights turned up. We all stood and cheered vigorously. Then we settled down comfortably to hear what the leaders had to say.

The speeches were delivered with scarcely any interruptions; and without much applause. Any interjections, even if of an encouraging nature, were interrupted with loud shouts of "Order; order." The audience was intensely keen on hearing. They were keen on hearing the terms of the settlement. They were not very keen on hearing anything else. Mr. Cramp, as Chairman, made an admirable introductory speech—short, pithy, dignified, strong. He did not attempt eloquence. There were no attempts at eloquence, indeed, in any of the speeches, and only the rarest occasional efforts at humor. He proclaimed that the men had won a victory, but in no very convincing voice; and the indulgent cheers which greeted this announcement were not the cheers of a fighting force assured that they had won. He asked for indulgence for "Our General Secretary" while he read and explained the terms. He only made one allusion to himself, when he hurled scorn on the personal attacks made upon him by the "capitalistic" Press. "When these people praise me, I shall examine my conscience to see what I have done wrong."

Mr. Thomas spoke at considerable length. He received an enthusiastic welcome. His voice was at first husky, but afterwards rang strong and clear. He lost some of his effect by repeatedly turning round to his colleagues behind for confirmation—a vicious House of Commons habit. The effect of the speech was that it seemed to be rather more occupied in explaining Mr. Thomas's position to the world, than in expounding the terms of settlement to the railway men. Most of the first part was taken up with statements of how moderate he was; how law-abiding; how he had fought against a strike; how he had limited the strike; how he had refused to break off negotiations; how he had settled the strike. Most of the latter part was occupied with defence of his accepting the position of Privy Councillor; of defence of his possession of a seat in Parliament; of protests that he would never desert the working man. The central portion was occupied with the terms of settlement. It was interesting to note the reception of each clause by the audience. Most of them evoked little cheering. The audience evidently could not suddenly comprehend their full import. Far the loudest applause—which then was loud and long—was evoked by the clause saying that all the back wages would immediately be paid on the resumption of work. The women had evidently been disturbed by the problem of how to support a family on 12s. 6d. a week strike pay. Much the most vigorous protest—from all parts of the hall—was excited by the clause that they must work harmoniously and peaceably with those who had not "struck." The protests were here strong and almost passionate from all parts of the hall; the speaker had to interrupt his argument to appeal for a hearing and explain that this was the counterpart of the clause that no "striker" should be penalized. The actual narrative of the negotiations was received in silence. The only emotion was that of laughing contempt at the offer of the Government that the men should go back to work for a "seven days' truce." "Babes in the Wood" was the comment of a man next me, who had remained hitherto silent. Mr. Thomas received a tremendous cheer—far the biggest of the evening—when he sat down.

Mr. Bromley's speech seemed to the writer to be much the best of the evening. It was straightforward and pointed, and hit the mark again and again. Mr. Thomas had praised the Drivers' Union for throwing in their lot with the N.U.R., though they had nothing personally to gain by it. We deserve no praise, was his reply. We only brought a battalion into the army. If we had made any other decision we deserved to be blotted off the face of the earth. He was the first speaker to



introduce humor: at the expense of the amateurs who had been running the trains. I heard of one, he said, whose head had collided with a bridge. I don't know which was broken. I hope the head. I say that, he added cheerfully, completely without bitterness. So he got the audience into a good temper, prepared to tolerate even a blackleg. One good thing we have done, he asserted. To teach a number of people to work who have never worked before. He doubted, however, whether Lord Muttonhead or the Duke of Tintop would ever really be worth a minimum wage of 40s. a week. Then he suddenly turned—quietly, without bitterness—and asked: Why don't these people spend the same time and energy in finding out the real conditions under which the working people are living? There was a kind of suppressed, but universal, approval; in sighs rather than cheers.

Two sentiments evoked continual applause. They were uttered many times by each speaker. Whenever expressed, they produced responsive cheers. The one was praise of the "solidarity" of the railwaymen—their loyalty to each other. The other was the statement that in the strike they had been fighting the battle against reduction of wages for all the working classes of the country. For comradeship and union amongst themselves; through such comradeship to fight for helping others; these are the "two Commandments" of the Labor movement, amongst such a moderate, conservative force as the London railwaymen. Sustained by the conviction that they had been true to these fundamental obligations, the great meeting quietly dispersed into the night. The Great Railway Strike was over.

A.

## The Drama.

### MR. AINLEY'S EXPERIMENT.

MR. HENRY AINLEY'S season at the St. James's Theatre opens the way to such possibilities that it should be marked by every lover of the drama. Not only is Mr. Ainley an actor of very distinguished talent; he has also been brave enough to begin with a production which, although it is singular and faulty, possesses exceptional interest and beauty. It must be remembered that five years ago the outbreak of war jettisoned the old style actor-manager, who everlastingly compromised between what was artistic and what was commercial. At the same time plays of intrinsic human or literary interest disappeared from the stage. In place of these contending influences we have since been furnished with a succession of common experiments in the art of amusing crowds. For five years, therefore, the theatre as an institution has had no real vitality. It has been—in the title originally used for Tolstoy's play—a living corpse. Now that the war is over, we are at last aware of stirrings which, if they are not deceptive, and if they are truly appreciated, may lead hereafter to incalculable growth.

The St. James's season is quite notably the most distinguished of these stirrings, and it is the one which holds the greatest promise; because it is one in which an actor of versatility, imagination, and, apparently, considerable artistic scrupulousness, is focussing attention upon something more than self-caricature. Mr. Ainley is that rare thing an actor of personality strong enough to survive imaginative submergence in a part of wilful and significant beauty; and "Reparation" is a play which so deals with essential character as to rise superior to a fragmentary original and the perversities of translation.

Tolstoy's posthumous play, originally called "The Living Corpse," and now first produced in England under the curious title, emphasizing an ethical lesson, of "Reparation," was at his death left incomplete. The version we have is pieced together from very rough notes found among his papers. Its technical scheme is, therefore, perhaps more a matter of accident than we should be likely at a first glance to infer. It is, nevertheless, a moving and dramatic affair; and it is conceived and

executed with beautiful simplicity. In watching it we are impressed by a sense of tragic inevitability, and the tableaux by means of which the story is unfolded are in remarkable contrast to a tradition of dramatic construction long regarded here as sacrosanct. Whether it was that, as a novelist, Tolstoy sought to preserve the narrative form in the theatre, or that the notes he left for this play were so incomplete as to leave the work of dramatic composition half done, it might be difficult for the purist to determine; but that such a series of episodes, comparable in plan to the suddenly popular chronicle play, is absorbingly effective in the theatre, cannot be questioned. The obvious advantages of the method of rendering a play by tableaux are many. It frees the dramatist immediately from the tyranny of three acts, from enforced incongruities of dramatic scenes within a fixed property scene, from the follies of recapitulation and merely explanatory dialogue. By its means the story can be shown directly in course of action, and, so long as coherence is observed, as it is almost observed in "Reparation," the total effect can be obtained with a minimum of reproductive falsification. In this respect such a play runs the risk of comparison with the film; but it has the advantage of being acted and spoken in sight of the audience, and it has a color and life denied to the moving picture. There may well be a future for plays of modern society constructed upon such lines as these; and the experiment would be welcome.

So much for the technical aspect of "Reparation," which must be mentioned, but which should not be emphasized to the exclusion of the drama itself. The play is concerned with one of those tragedies arising out of temperamental disqualification for normal life. Fedya Protasov, a man of charm and talent, married to a woman who is both good and intelligent (perhaps too straitly intelligent for his wayward taste), neglects his wife, forsakes her, and finally rejects all her entreaties that he should return. In order that she may marry another man, as straitly intelligent as herself, he feigns to have committed suicide by drowning. His clothes and a farewell letter are found, and the other two, believing in the deception, marry and, as he has foreseen, are happy. But Fedya, sinking steadily to a world of absolute poverty, loses all hold upon life, and at last, in drunken vanity, reveals the story of his ruse. He is overheard, is invited to blackmail the bigamously married pair, refuses, and is betrayed to the police. Thereafter, during the trial of all three delinquents, he shoots himself by way of "reparation" for the wrong he has done.

The interest of the play lies less in its framework than in the character of Fedya, a character difficult to convey because of its incongruous simplicity and subtlety, which is extraordinarily realized by Mr. Ainley. Simple in his perceptions and reactions, Fedya so resembles, in the treacherous subtlety of his moods, the incalculable shifting sands of figurative speech, that he is with difficulty made consistent. He might be made monstrous, or he might be made intolerably sentimental. Mr. Ainley's performance is wholly free from sentimentality and over-emphasis, and yet he never loses for us that charm of personality which it is essential that Fedya should throughout retain. It is to this performance that "Reparation" owes its convincingness, because a Fedya without charm would instantly alienate our sympathies. We cannot without hostility see pain caused to others by one creature's inhumanity, although cruelty and the endurance of cruelty may be deeply rooted in our own natures. Instead of detesting Fedya, we understand his temperament, and sympathize with it, and we are almost perfunctorily considerate of Lisa and Victor, the two persons most wronged by his pitiable incapacity for handling his own weaknesses. Fedya, that is, appeals to us throughout as a tragic and ungovernable figure. His power to pity, his powerlessness so to imagine the characters of others as to bestow love as freely—but as painfully—as it is received, excites our almost passionate regret. Futile he may be; but he is never less than tragic. It is this force that Mr. Ainley reproduces with so much real capacity. One is aware of the power of his personality even when Fedya is not an actor in the scenes of the drama. We are always conscious of him,

so clearly are we enabled to trace his blind responsibility for every happening. It is a fine performance.

As for the rest of the cast, it has its shortcomings and conventionalities. The two younger girls, Sasha and Masha, are puzzlingly colorless; Lisa, as played by Miss Athene Seyler, is disappointingly of the English stage; the two older women strike one as purely English in treatment. As Victor, Mr. Ion Swinley is painstakingly virtuous, and as an old prince Mr. Otho Stuart supports difficulties with skill and dignity. The scene in which gypsy songs are sung is excellently stage-managed, and the restaurant scene of the betrayal is fine. All the setting of the play is adapted from the designs made for the original Moscow Art Theatre production, and it is strikingly simple. But Mr. Ainley's performance is the thing that remains in one's memory, and it is easily the best piece of acting at present to be seen in London.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

## Music.

### GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

It is perhaps presumptuous for a critic to expect his readers to remember what he has written in past years or even months—especially if not all his writings have appeared in one paper. So that I beg everybody's pardon for reminding him that I have long preached the revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas and the certainty of their success. Such a sermon raises two points: How far are the Operas worth reviving? How far will the London public go and hear them?

The great majority of the Operas were produced long before I was of an age to patronize the theatre. I have therefore towards them none of the sentimental tenderness of the middle-aged gentleman mindful of the joys of his vanished youth. This fact, though personal, is important. Even the sternest critic is human and swayed, perforce, by reasons of sentiment. At the same time the music of the better-known Operas, such as "The Mikado" or "Pinafore," played a large part in my musical youth, as, I suppose, it did in the youth of every Englishman except the very young indeed. So it is, I confess, very difficult for me, as (again) for any other Englishman, to view quite dispassionately the merits of "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring" or "The Ruler of the Queen's Nave" or "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes." They are become part of us; we have them, so to say, in our blood. And I venture to think this is sufficient justification, were there none other, for the cherishing of Gilbert and Sullivan. We are, as a race, not over-burdened with musical or dramatic household furniture. *Objets d'art* we have in plenty, appealing to this or that coterie in accordance with the various fashions of the time. Really national possessions, however, appealing to the race as a whole, are very few. Shakespeare of course; but no composer except, perhaps, Handel (with the dots over the *a* omitted to help us forget that he was not English), and, on a lower but no less distinctive plane, these very Victorian Operettas by Gilbert and Sullivan.

Now the *cognoscenti*, naturally enough, are always suspicious of what is really popular. Especially are they prejudiced against what is popular in their own country. You will, I am sure, find plenty of superior people who, while proclaiming their sympathy with the enthusiasm of Italian audiences for the familiar arias of Verdi or with the delight taken by German audiences in the naïve melodies of "Freischütz," profess a kind of repugnance to the delight and enthusiasm with which an English audience welcomed the familiar tunes of "The Gondoliers." All the more because "The Gondoliers" is Victorian—and, as we all know, nothing Victorian can be good, except furniture of a date not later (till further notice) than 1850. But the mere fact that the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas have survived for nearly forty or fifty years, that this or any other article written about them can be regarded as topical, is a certain, irrefutable proof that they are of great importance. In short,

speaking blasphemously, they are, in their own way, at least as important as the Russian Ballet.

It is perhaps superfluous, in view of this fact, to discuss in any detail the merits of the two collaborators. But one or two points are worth noting. In my opinion, Gilbert's lyrics stand the test of time far better than his dialogue. This seems to me rather verbose, rather heavy. But the best lyrics—and it is only fair to consider the best—are wonderful. The delicate finish of the more truly lyrical songs like "Is Life a Boon?" or "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes" is as evident as ever. More remarkable perhaps is the apparent appositeness of so much of the satirical verse. The "Modern Major-General" and the "Duke of Plaza-Toro (Ltd.)" and the sea-shy "First Lord of the Admiralty" (Oh for a Business Government!) are as real to us as ever. The reasons, I think, are two. First, because England is always far more "Victorian" than one imagines. Secondly, because Gilbert, intuitively perhaps, satirized in the main the basic tendencies of the English character and the permanent characteristics of English institutions rather than merely temporary crazes. If this be true, Gilbert was a genius of a high order. If it be not true, why does his verse enjoy such undisputed popularity throughout England to-day, many years after it was written?

About Sullivan there is, probably, more general agreement than about Gilbert. Nobody pretends that he was a great composer even of the second or third rank. But everybody, I think, agrees that he was that very rare phenomenon, a great composer of light music; and most people will admit that, as such, he takes rank with or after Offenbach in a class distinct from all the others. For my part, I think Offenbach had the more original genius of the two. That is a matter of opinion. At any rate, Sullivan was first-rate, and the best of his tunes are little masterpieces. One at least of his merits cannot be emphasized too often. He set English words to music as, in my opinion, they have never been set before or since. The stress and the rhythm are always faultless. Let the curious remember how Sullivan put to music:—

"The sun whose rays are all ablaze  
With ever-living glory."

And then let them imagine what a less sensitive composer, what the ordinary song-writer, might and probably would have done with these words. Sullivan, by setting them to music just as they are spoken, avoided every rhythmical pitfall and every sibilant entanglement. Furthermore, his orchestration is very good and clear. We had become so accustomed to hearing the music on military bands or scratch provincial orchestras that we had forgotten what it really sounds like. For this reason I am peculiarly delighted that Mr. D'Oyly Carte has attempted to revive the traditional excellence of the "Sullivan orchestra" by engaging first-class players and a conductor who, though protected by birth from any praise or blame of mine, is, at any rate, a serious musician.

I had intended to discuss, however briefly, the chances of the success of the Operas with the London public. It has proved unnecessary. Nobody who attended the first performances of "The Gondoliers" can have the slightest doubt on the subject—"no possible doubt whatever," in fact! Let us leave it at that.

FRANCIS TOYE.

## Communications

### "CLARTE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—M. Henri Barbusse, author of "Le Feu," "L'Enfer," "Clarté," and other works, issued in the spring of this year the manifesto of an international group of writers and other artists. The name of "Clarté"—Light—was adopted for the movement, which is remarkable for the disinterested idealism of its aims, the justice and frankness of its statements, and the number



and quality of its adherents. These aims and statements can be judged from the quotations given in this note, while the names must force the attention of a reader at all familiar with modern thought. To give all the names so far published would occupy more than a column of THE NATION, but these, the most illustrious, must command attention. The adherents of "Clarté" (according to the Belgian review "L'Art Libre") are as follows: For France: Henri Barbusse, Anatole France, Georges Duhamel, Steinlen, Jules Romains, Paul Signac, Romain Rolland, J. H. Rosny, Laurent Tailhade, Gustave Kahn, Charles Vildrac, Paul Foll, Victor Margueritte, and many more, comprising a large number of the young French writers. For Spain: V. B. Ibanez. For England: I. Zangwill, Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells, Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw. For Germany and Austria: Max Nordau, Stefan Zweig, Karl Seelig, Andreas Latzko, Prof. Max Lehmann, and Heinrich Mann. For Italy: Mathilde Serao, Benedetto Croce. For Switzerland: Ernest Bloch, Prof. A. Forel. For Belgium: Edmond Picard, H. Van de Velde. For Sweden: Ellen Key. For Holland: Dr. Brouwer, Frederick van Eeden. It must be understood that these are merely selected from a large number of other names, as likely to be known; on the other hand, it is noticeable that some of the best-known names, though quoted by "L'Art Libre" as adherents, are absent from the manifestoes, from which it may perhaps be concluded that the owners of these names, while approving the general trend of the group, dissociate themselves from certain particular expressions. And, to be quite impartial, it cannot be denied that the more recent pronouncements issued by M. Barbusse and M. Anatole France are more political in trend than the first general statement would have led one to desire.

This statement is as follows:—

"We consider that the writers, artists, and savants, those who have lived the war as well as those who have only been able to meditate it, have a duty to perform at this time when humanity is seeking to deliver itself from the old laws of oppression. This duty is to form a group which will exercise a social action, with every independence, beyond all considerations of party.

"More than ever, after the massacre, those whose mission or whose profession stoops to sorrow (*incline sur la douleur*) have a task to fulfil, that of guides and educators. The new spirit which is irresistibly being created in the world demands their absolute devotion. They must unite to hasten, to inspire, to direct all the moral revolutions necessary for the reign of justice.

"This fraternal grouping of untrammelled minds (*esprits libres*) will constitute a kind of watchful permanence of thought. It will have its periodical: 'Clarté.'

"With this periodical, with the exchange of ideas which we shall undertake (across all frontiers) with those who are struggling for a common ideal of wisdom and of reason, we must help in the formation of a real international *morale*. Only an elevated and noble power of this nature can inspire confidence in multitudes, can make itself heard by power, can rise against great injustices, can contribute to the peaceful union of men, can work for the coming of a better future."

In March was issued the "Declaration of Independence of the Mind":—

"Workers of the Mind, companions dispersed through the world, separated for five years by armies, censors, and the hatred of warring nations, we address you, at this moment when the barriers fall and the frontiers are reopened, with this appeal to form once more our fraternal union—but a new union, more solid and sure than that which existed before.

"The war threw us into disorder. The majority of intellectuals placed their science, their art, their reason at the disposal of Governments. We accuse no one, we make no reproach. We know the weakness of individual minds and the elemental force of great collective currents; in a flash the former were swept away by the latter, for no plan of resistance had been contemplated. May the experience at least be of service to us in the future!

"First, let us note the disasters which occurred through the almost total abdication of the world's intel-

ligence and its voluntary submission to the unchained forces. Thinkers and artists have aided the scourge which bites into Europe's flesh and leaves in its spirit an incalculable sum of hatred; they have sought in the arsenal of their knowledge, of their memory, of their imagination, old and new reasons, historic, scientific, logical, poetic reasons, for hating; they have worked to destroy understanding and love between mankind. And, by so doing, they have debased, degraded, made ugly thought, of which they were representatives. They have made thought the instrument of passions and (perhaps without knowing it) of the selfish interests of a political or social clan, of a State, a country, or of a class. And now, from this savage contest, from which the warring nations, victorious or defeated, emerge bruised, poverty-stricken, and, in the depth of their hearts (though they will not admit it) shamed and humiliated by their access of folly, thought, compromised in their struggles, emerges with them disgraced.

"Come, let us free mind from these compromises, these humiliating alliances, these concealed slaveries! The mind is the slave of none. We are the servants of the mind. We have no other master. We are ready to carry, to defend its light, to rally around it all who are dispersed. Our task, our duty, is to keep a fixed point, to indicate the guiding star, in the midst of the whirlwind of passions in the darkness. We make no choice among these passions of pride and mutual destruction: we reject them all. We honor truth only, truth that is free, without frontiers, without limits, without prejudices of races or of castes. We do not indeed dissociate ourselves from humanity. We work for it, but for ALL OF IT. We know nothing of peoples, we know the People—one, universal—the People which suffers, which struggles, which falls and rises again, which presses forward on the rough path bathed with its sweat and blood, the people of all men, all equally our brothers. And so that they may, like us, become conscious of this fraternity, we lift above their blind combats the ark of alliance—the untrammelled mind, one and multiple, eternal."

This declaration, admirable but for a certain rhetorical "*lyrisme*" (inevitable in such documents) was signed by authors representative of France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Sweden, England, Germany, United States, and Austria. It is not quite clear whether this declaration was issued before or after the formation of "Clarté," but it sufficiently expresses the intention of the group, and its signatories (even if not formally attached to the group) are clearly in sympathy with its general purpose. More recently, the group has issued two political manifestoes, too long for quotation. The first of these is a "protest against an unjust peace." Its trend may be gathered from the following sentence: "This treaty, elaborated behind the closed doors of official salons, contemptuous alike of public opinion and of the masses, is a brutal though hypocritical antithesis to the Fourteen Points of Wilson which it ought to have established and built up on the ruins." The second is a protest against the continuance of the war with Russia, addressed to "the manual and intellectual workers of the world." The French Censor refused to permit this latter document to be displayed as a poster. Thereupon Anatole France and Henri Barbusse wrote a letter to the Minister of the Interior requesting his permission. The following paragraphs are interesting reading:—

"In protesting against the intervention of the Allies in Russia we have merely enounced once again the great principle of the self-determination of peoples which has been proclaimed by all the Governments of the Entente.

"We have always thought that this principle could not be violated by those who had assumed the task of defending it.

"As to the other declarations contained in the poster, we were only using the constitutional right possessed by every citizen of expressing freely his opinion, a right against which no power can arise without despotism.

"We hope that you will grant us your 'visa' without imposing upon us modifications of text which our conscience forbids us to accept."

So far as I am aware, no answer has been returned.



Whatever may be the criticisms to which "Clarté" is open and however insignificant its direct influence may appear, the group is not to be ignored, both because of the great artists who have joined it and because it is a means whereby the conscience of humanity becomes articulate.—Yours, &c.,

R. A.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE STRIKE AND SOME MORALS.

SIR,—The settlement of the railway strike is highly creditable to the moderation and common sense both of the strikers, of the other Unions who acted as negotiators, and the Government; and it is the more creditable because it has resulted in a truce, if not a peace, "without victory." But the underlying issues remain. They are, indeed, the great issues of our age; the same, in essence, which underlay the great upheavals on the Continent. And it is important that they should be clearly stated and faced.

First, there is the issue of the distribution of that part of the national income available for consumption. In disputes between labor and capital this presents itself as a claim to increase or reduce wages. But behind such claims there now begins to be consciously felt, even in this conservative country, a much more radical demand on the part of Labor—namely that there should be no distribution to anybody of anything except wages, that is earnings for work done; or, in other words, that payments to private individuals of interest, rent and profits (other than wages for management), should cease. A concrete example would be a claim put forward on the part of railway workers to push up wages to the point at which there should be nothing left over to pay dividends. And it should be observed that a principle underlies this position; the principle that every man should get what he earns by day-to-day labor, and no one anything he does not so earn.

Secondly, there is the issue of the scale of wages for different kinds of work. Thus, to take a concrete example, Sir Eric Geddes' services to the Railway Companies were estimated at a parting Bonus of £50,000, and to the Government at, I suppose, £5,000 a year. A shunter, whose daily work involves him in risks to life and limb comparable to those of war, gets (at the new rate) something between two and three pounds a week. The mass of people are more and more asking why; and are less and less satisfied with the answer of the economists, an answer which, of course, is final on their premises. But their premises are, and must be, those of the existing system. Thirdly, the mass of people are beginning seriously to ask why their life and labor, their employment or unemployment, should be at the mercy of a small class of property owners; and to question whether they might not employ themselves, appoint their own officers, and make an industrial democracy more genuine than any political democracy has yet been.

The positions here indicated are, of course, those of Socialism. But it is better to indicate them clearly than to use a word which has become a mere symbol of sympathy or antipathy. In any case, it is necessary to realize that the positions are ceasing to be academic and beginning to be, even in England, as (for all to see who will) in Russia, Hungary, Germany, a tremendous social force. When this fact is grasped, the railway strike will be seen to be what it is, not a transparent ripple on the surface of the old order, but a preliminary warning of an earthquake upheaval.

Now, revolutions touching so profoundly the life of all sections of the community as a Socialist revolution must do, are extraordinarily difficult and dangerous to carry out, or even to attempt to carry out. But neither can they be evaded by force or temper or verbal demonstrations of impracticability. The attempt must be made, and will be made, one way or another, to test whether or no they are practicable. The experiment is being made on the Continent of Europe in bloodshed and chaos; and for that the propertied are at least as much responsible as the non-propertied. Everyone must desire that that kind of experiment should not be tried in England. But there is only one alternative—experiment by orderly constitutional means. And, if that

method is to be genuinely tried, the propertied class, and all those sections of society whose immediate interests are bound up with them, must learn, and learn quickly, to adopt a very different attitude from the one which is, at present, instinctive to them. For their present feeling is, too often, simply that property is a right that anyone who tampers with it is a robber, and that the only satisfactory way to meet such people is machine guns and bombs. There is a growing gulf between the conception of political right and wrong held by the propertied class and that held by the mass of the laboring class. That gulf must be bridged, if we are to avoid civil disturbance. Educated, and (still more) uneducated people of the upper class seem to think that it is only to be bridged by converting the working class from the error of their ways.

I am convinced, on the contrary, that whatever amount of error or illusion there may be in that class it is no greater than that of ordinary people in the propertied class. It is these latter who need that kind of conversion which consists in realizing that the present social system is indefensible on any ground of humanity or of right; that it exists only because it does exist, and can exist; and that the main object of every good citizen must be to find a means of radically transforming it, without destroying society in the process. If that transformation is to be accomplished, it lies in the nature of the case that the necessary sacrifices must be made by the propertied class. That they are capable of sacrifice they have shown abundantly in the war. Peace, however, makes demands upon them which they will probably find harder to meet. For they must learn to think and feel imaginatively, to give up peacefully what they have been accustomed to regard as unquestionable rights and privileges, and to move deliberately and with open eyes towards a form of society in which they and their like will hold no leading place by virtue of hereditary wealth and culture, but only (if they deserve it) by virtue of ability tested in a competition from which all handicaps have been removed.—Yours, &c.,

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

### THE DIPLOMACY OF SIR EDWARD GREY.

SIR,—Owing to the strike I have only just received my NATION of September 27th, containing four letters in answer to me. May I briefly reply to them?

1.—Mr. Ponsonby seems to think I am trying to throw discredit on C.-B. by mentioning that Grey consulted him about the French "Conversations" in 1905. I had no such wish. I have always had the greatest affection and respect for the memory of C.-B., and I believe that the policy of which he authorized the beginning was on the whole, amid many difficulties and dangers, probably the right policy.

2.—Mr. Rowntree says that our relation to France was "vague." I think it was extremely clear. We (a) absolutely refused to promise anything, but (b) we let France know exactly what our aid would amount to if we gave it. The effect of this was not to encourage French aggressiveness, but, on the contrary, to put France severely on its good behavior.

3.—"An Admirer of C.-B." wants to know what I would think of the director of a company who should enter into binding engagements with other business concerns without informing his co-directors. I should think badly of him. He ought to act as Grey acted, and refuse such engagements.

4.—Mr. Shrimpton argues in a manner which, if I may say so without offence, is rather typical of the U.D.C. It is this. You start with a strong view or prejudice. The authoritative documents are published and show it was mistaken: consequently you fly to all sorts of non-authoritative documents, inaccurate newspaper reports, what third parties said in debates, reports of what a Bolshevik editor says that Isvolsky said that Grey had said, and the like. Mr. Morel has even reached the happy point at which he decides that the authoritative documents are "blinds," and only the gossip is evidence! (See this month's "Foreign Policy.")

Mr. Rowntree also says that Grey's policy "failed." This is half true and half false. Grey's object was, if possible, to maintain European peace and gradually draw Germany into the same relation of "cordial understanding" which we had established with other Powers, and which seemed likely to be attained in the Balkan discussions of 1913. Failing this, his second aim was that if Germany

forced a war upon Europe, Germany and not we should be defeated. In this he succeeded. He provided us in every region of the world with powerful friends, where five years earlier we were surrounded by enemies.

I cannot take any pleasure in controverting my fellow Radicals, because all my pugnacity is used up in the opposite direction. But I do regret that, owing, as I think, to a mistake about a point of past history, and, as they themselves would admit, to disputed views on a point of past history, they set themselves, at such a moment as this, to weakening the forces of Liberalism and of brotherhood on which the rebuilding of civilization so perilously depends. I wish they would all read and take to heart your leading article on Liberalism and Labor.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT MURRAY.

#### THE "DEFINITIVE" OFFER.

SIR,—Though the strike is fortunately settled, the wage scales are not. It is desirable, therefore, that the public should have accurate facts before them.

On the authority apparently of Sir Leo Chiozza Money in the "Daily News," you state that "with prices 100 per cent. above pre-war prices, a man may be earning £2 a week." Not so; on the sliding scale the wage of a man earning 18s. before the war would be 45s. You say, "a passenger guard with twelve years' service is offered 48s. to 50s." The real figure is 60s. You say, "the goods porter in London is offered 47s. a week; the platelayer 40s. to 44s." The figure for the goods porter is accurate; the offer to the platelayer is 48s. in the London area, and 50s. in the London termini. These offers, it must be understood, are minima, only to come into effect when, if ever, prices have fallen to the 1914 figure.—Yours, &c.,

W. M. ACWORTH.

#### THE PLAYING OF SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—Mr. Arnold Bennett says he has seen "King Lear"—"absolutely unabridged"—acted in French in two hours and ten minutes. Did he compare the French and English texts closely enough to assure himself that the translation was not freely condensed? It is true that French is apt to be spoken more rapidly than English; but I doubt whether the difference is so great as to account for the feat which Mr. Bennett records.

I have to-day made an experiment which Mr. Bennett can check if he pleases. I have taken an edition of "King Lear" containing 112 pages and I have read aloud fifty-six pages, concluding with the last line of the Fool's prophecy ("That going shall be used with feet") in Act III., Scene 2. I read without pause and as quickly as I conveniently could. Without pretending to be a "patter" artist, I think I can articulate as rapidly as most people. Well, it took me precisely seventy-six and a-half minutes to read this moiety of the play; whence I conclude that it would have taken me two hours and thirty-three minutes to read the whole—twenty-three minutes more than the time of the French performance. If Mr. Bennett wishes to test this result let him start at the phrase "This prophecy shall Merlin make," and see if he can reach the end of the play in better time than mine—reading as rapidly as he can without positively gabbling. Of course, I read nothing but the text, omitting all stage directions, &c.

If, then, it takes over two and a-half hours to read the text at top speed, without a single pause, I think we may be perfectly sure that to act it with any sort of effect would take three and a-half hours. Observe that mere entrances and exits occupy a certain time, while fights, scuffles, marchings to and fro, and many small details of business take a great deal more. But apart from this, who can conceive Lear in the storm scene and in the last act, or Edgar and Gloucester on Dover Downs racing through their lines at 300 words a minute. Can anyone pretend that dramatic expression demands no time at all? It is true that some short-winded actors of the last generation were in the habit of vastly overdoing their pauses; but it is the very insanity of reaction to maintain that pauses should be prohibited.

Talking of the Fool's prophecy on which my experiment chanced to end, may I ask whether Messrs. Shaw and Drinkwater would insist on the retention of this manifest "gag" by one of the "clowns" against whose impertinences Shake-

spere protested—an interpolation which was probably always senseless and is now mere gibberish?—Yours, &c.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

London. September 22nd, 1919.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED. NATION.]

#### A "REAL" LEAGUE OF YOUTH.

SIR,—Mr. Jerome K. Jerome in an interesting letter to your columns concerning his conception of the objects of the newly-formed League of Youth, condemns that League as Lloyd Georgian, and appeals for the establishment of a "real" League of Youth, whose members "would be allowed to think and act for themselves."

His use of the adjective real raises the eternal question, what is reality? We are all prone to labor under the delusion that our own particular opinions of necessity constitute that quality. Is it possible that Mr. Jerome's conception of reality coincides with the views of those elderly theorists who inspire the wilder vaporings of the half-educated from the secluded background of a pedant's study, and who see in the vigorous sanity of Mr. Lloyd George the principal obstacle between their amiable theories and a practical experiment on the unfortunate British public?

Mr. Jerome speaks derisively of "this Lloyd Georgian League introduced into the world by Lord Bryce, the Bishop of London, and Doctor Clifford."

Would it please Mr. Jerome and add a greater reality to the activities of the League if Mr. Lansbury was invited to be President in place of Mr. Lloyd George? But of the two is it not natural that Youth should honor Mr. Lloyd George? Whether or not we agree with his post-war policy and administration, all must agree that he was associated to a greater degree than any other statesman with Youth in its great struggle and final victory in the recent war.

Youth won the war, but it is only fitting that it should pay tribute to those who enabled it to win by exercising the qualities of Youth, energy, and imagination, in an administrative capacity.

The fact that Mr. Lloyd George has accepted an honorary position as President of the League, in no way argues that he will control its activities or dictate its politics. Mr. Jerome may shortly realize that Youth has learnt from its recent experiences "to think and act for itself." Youth has vindicated its claim to control its own destinies, and to-day requires neither idle suggestion nor idle imputation from old age.

May the League of Youth shortly translate its idealism into practical politics, regardless alike of the suspicions and the sneers of crabbed old age, and may Youth then assume a position in this world commensurate with its services.—Yours &c.,

OSWALD E. MOSLEY.

105, Mount Street, W. 1., September 30th.

[What doubt could there be about the "reality" of a "League of Youth," under the Early Fatherhood of Dr. Clifford, aged 83 years, Lord Bryce, aged 81, and the Bishop of London, aged (spiritually) about 300, and feeling itself under a profound debt of gratitude to Mr. Lloyd George?—ED., THE NATION.]

#### Poetry.

##### THE STRIKE BREAKER.

BELOW her little hat she smiles up at me,  
And on her pink flesh  
Pearls quiver.  
For any eventuality  
She is prepared by experience,  
Replete with victory over all mankind,  
And especially over the Hun—  
Witness her serviceable calves,  
Protruding  
From under a walking skirt,  
Purely fragmentary.  
In a caressing tone she whispers  
"My son has volunteered to drive the milk  
From Newbury to London."

R. M. C.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- ✓ "The Life of Liza Lehmann." By Herself. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.)
- "The Theology of Jesus and Other Sermons." By the Rev. W. E. Orchard, D.D. (Allen & Unwin. 6s.)
- "Three Days." Poems by Rose Macauley. (Constable. 2s. 6d.)
- "The Young Physician." A Novel. By F. Brett Young. (Collins. 7s.)

\* \* \*

THERE are two defects in "Field Ambulance Sketches," by A Corporal (John Lane). There is not enough of it, and it is anonymous. Its effect on me was noteworthy. As soon as I had read the book through I read it again. More curious still, there was an almost unnatural desire to write about it, at the end of the second reading. He must be a good corporal whose anonymous personality makes writing a pleasure, at once to be enjoyed, when usually it is but an arduous duty whose dusty road is marked with groans. I should like to know who that corporal is, and whether he has written any other books. It would be remarkable if this book is his first effort. There is no other object in this page this week than to persuade others that "Corporal's" war book, though meagre and inconspicuous, deserves promotion and a wider publicity than any volume of painful and depressing revelations yet published by a great general.

\* \* \*

BUT perhaps I had better slightly chill this full warmth of praise; which is, after all, as sincere as any wayfarer would naturally demonstrate when he came unexpectedly on genuine refreshment after years of swipes. Such praise is human, if not critical, comparative, and literary. But are we critical about a fine day? Do we comparatively enjoy a good time? Is it unliterary to speak heartily about a corporal's sketches of this war because Homer sang of Troy? What is Troy, when we remember the Pozieres Ridge? This corporal was at Neuve Eglise, which is behind Plug Street, when the Germans broke through. "Not a speck of color was anywhere; not a line that was not smudged and vague. A grey world, grey and profitless as a boulder of slate uncovered at low tide." "Somewhere on that sodden hill-side weary Germans in dull field-grey were plodding forward across a strip of farmland which we had been too weak to hold. It was not their land and it never would be; nor was it nor would it be ours. Its possession was just a pawn in a stupid game; a make-believe; an hypothesis to destroy mankind with."

\* \* \*

THIS book of the corporal's is not war swipes. "Occasionally above the darker gloom of the trees one of the weird new star-shells would rear its white face, like a cobra in an opium dream, and stand there a few moments, expanding its hood and slaving sparks, until, its suspicions apparently allayed, it faltered, relaxed its watchful pose, and sank again to cover." Hearty thanks to the corporal for that is human, if not literary. The cant of our sentimental descriptions of war and heroes, adjusted to console the minds of those who only last week withdrew their subscriptions from an asylum for the orphans of railway men, was warm and oily enough to turn the stomach of a Baffin islander; and they are the descriptions we still have the impropriety to give to women and children. But we know now why the descriptions were like that, because we know now what the war was for. This soldier has a thin opinion of

those who were official war-writers at headquarters. He addresses an aside to us sometimes. He is quite right. But he must remember that, once upon a time, no more than to himself did it occur to our simple minds at headquarters that elder men not fighting in the war would ever be able to turn the deaths of the young men to profitable account. We were cynical of the future, as were most of the experienced soldiers we met, but nothing less than Omniscience would have made us as diabolically cynical as the circumstances at which we now look. Still, I cry Kamerad to the corporal, put up my hands, and beg him not to shoot. We did not know what we were doing, any more than did he himself; or Jerry, or any man between Nieuport and Belfort. The wind blew us about. It is still blowing us about. We cannot keep our heads on in such a wind.

\* \* \*

"CORPORAL" gives us only 150 pages of what he saw and felt, but you can get a very good picture of "a certain liveliness," as the inconspicuous *communiqué* used to phrase it, in the chapter, "Behind a Raid." In my own case, every vivid experience in France is absurdly associated with some tune, which fortuitously ran through my head at the time. One day, when looking on things far worse than once I could have guessed this earth would show a man, I was haunted by the ghostly, grave, and innocent countenances of some children, who were silently singing; and the tune in my head was "I love to hear the story." To the words of that tune one of my familiar imps made suitable comments, as unlovely things of another story appeared about me. But who of us would confess to that grimacing and silent run of mocking fancies which make faces at us when we are looking at life's serious affairs? I was startled, therefore, to find the "Corporal," when stumbling through a thundering barrage in a subdued panic, explaining that he was dreaming, "in a slough of self-pity," of a "green mound with daisies on it. 'There is a green hill far away,' I drivelled to myself, until a flying clod hit me in the back. 'Not so bloody far, neither!' croaked some imp, shaken spider-like from his lair in a crevice of my brain; and I laughed, yes, laughed shortly, without moving a muscle of my face."

\* \* \*

"ON THE SALIENT, 1917," his chapter about Passchendaele, is just as good a yarn. Any man who knew what it was like, but who never mentions it because nobody cares, and if they did care could not be told, reading "Corporal's" description of the group who played cards in a dug-out, and then tried to sleep, when "zero" was 3.30 a.m.; and of the man on a stretcher afterwards with no face, who confessed to having stolen, just before the grenade got him, a tin of marmalade, will know that with this corporal there is somewhere a cunning and understanding friend in this world. I like also his "Cassock at Koudicote Corner." He met a young Highlander that day, sitting by the wayside, a vague ecclesiastical figure in a halo, for the soldier had scrounged a priest's long black cassock; and he held his rifle like Perugini's St. Michael holds his baton, and his steel helmet was pushed back so that, in the sun, it was a nimbus about a beaming smile.

"The incongruities of the rifle with the cassock, of the cassock with the face, and of that young laughing face with the iron halo behind it, rose above me wave after wave, sphere over sphere, till the whole sky sang of them, and I knew what it was that Pan told Pheidippides among the hills. The shadow of war would pass, not merely because it was wicked, but because it was absurd. Some day somebody would laugh in the most serious part of the performance; and the dull old Thunderer at the rostrum, and the grievous smilers and wirepullers on the platform who had organized the show, would find themselves faced by a wilderness of chairs."

The Corporal may be assured we want more of the same sort. One hundred and fifty pages are not enough.

H. M. T.



## Reviews.

### HOW THE RICH THINK.

"Sir Stanley Maude and Other Memories." By Mrs. STUART MENZIES. (Jenkins. 16s. net.)

THIS book has a misleading title. The reviewer took it as a record of General Maude's life, with certain military reminiscences added as illustrations. He found no such thing. There are fifty-six pages of gossip about Maude, and in the other 250 pages his name occurs only once. Even that first sixth of the book is much occupied with gossip about Sir Beauchamp Duff and other people; but some of it is of interest, and though there is so little new about Maude himself to anyone who ever came in contact with him on service, it is well to have some points repeated. Such points, we mean, as his strong opposition to the evacuation of the Dardanelles, upon which Sir Ian Hamilton writes:—

"When the evacuation was decided on he was very much distressed, believing a fatal mistake had been made and that a great prolongation of the war must ensue, especially by the freeing of large bodies of Turkish troops to move against us in Mesopotamia and against the Russians in the Caucasus."

So strong was his opposition that when he could not be found at the final embarkation (being, in fact, caught up in wire entanglements), it was supposed that he intended to remain holding the Peninsula on his own! In the next few months our terrible losses in Mesopotamia and the disaster at Kut proved how well founded his apprehensions had been. Another point worth recalling is the characteristic manner of his death—as noble a death as the most heroic on the field. Well knowing the danger, he drank, out of mere courtesy and friendliness, the glass of water offered to him by Arab priests, and in two days cholera killed him.

We suppose an author may give what title he pleases to his book, and it was ingenious to insert a name sure to attract all who had known or served under so remarkable and successful a soldier as Maude. But what of the 250 pages that make up the "other memories"? It is difficult to know what to say of them. They are a strange mixture of chatter, prattle, and gossip with intervals of pathos, kindness, and good sense. Episodes or observations are flung together haphazard, without order, date, or connection, just as they appear to have come into the writer's mind while she sat at the desk. Let us mention only a fraction of the subjects through which we are rushed: pathetic story of a wronged young wife in a Hill Station; account of Sir Peter Lumsden and the Penjdeh incident in the middle 'eighties; gossip about the Londonderry family; prattle about Russian bathing and Peter the Great; chatter about Pavlova; scandal about the late Czar and his mistresses; talk about our nurses in Russia; descriptions of life at Monte Carlo; spy stories; scandals about the Crown Prince and his behavior with girls in England; silly story of a lord and lady searching for a flat (extra length); hunting characters (one of them really good); an estimate of Mr. Lloyd George, and stories about him; long story of a disgusting piece of "wangling" through the shame of a young diplomatist's wife; good story of a parson's rebellious daughter; stories about Lord Methuen, Lord Leverhulme, General Byng, and others. That list of subjects is far from being exhaustive, but a man or woman who reads any more without being exhausted must be a glutton for gossip indeed.

We believe this is just the sort of thing that appeals to "Society" people and readers of the "Daily Mirror." The chatter and scandal suit the idle mind, and the lower middle classes love to read about "their betters," especially in scandalous "revelations." Their interest is the tribute of dullness to vice, conferring a double blessing. On account of that interest, the aristocracy is perhaps worth preserving, but for their own sakes we would warn them that they must play their part strenuously in the public service, and not let scandal droop for want of matter. If they wish to retain their position, they must remember that a new world requires new and vigorous efforts, and unless they supply sufficient spice for prattle, their utility may be questioned by the vulgar crowd. *Noblesse oblige.* Mrs. Menzies, in her stories, recognizes its obligations.

It is a queer life we are shown—a life still prevailing, we believe, among the owners of our country, no matter how many estates have been purchased by upstart profiteers. We are shown a kind of people who appear to be hardly conscious of intellectual knowledge or interests; easily satisfied with any well-worn old tag, joke or slang; superstitious without faith; religious for the established order; incapable of work, but intriguing for positions; careless of propriety, provided impropriety is hidden; accounting their pleasures as their toil, and apportioning their seasons by their sports; well-disposed to each other, kindly to their animals and the lower classes; courageous, healthy, and tolerant to all the world, so long as the rest of the world does not intrude upon them.

We may illustrate the kind of people from one or two phrases and sentences taken almost haphazard from the book. "Such is life!" cries Mrs. Menzies, as though she had made a discovery in the words. With equal originality she observes, "The equally cryptic saying of another Parliamentarian naturally follows, 'we must wait and see.'" A case of two deaths following a dinner of thirteen is mentioned. Then:—

"A few days later Sir John French also gave Sir Beauchamp Duff a send-off dinner at Lancaster Gate. Sir Claude de Crespigny was one of the guests. Speaking of this dinner he says: 'A better repast was never my luck to partake of, and the wine was superb.'"

There's a memory for you! No wonder the title speaks of "other memories" besides General Maude's, for certainly they are different from his. Mrs. Menzies says she "would like, and so would many others, to see General Maude's son made a baronet and of Bagdad." What a consolation! "Here he (Metchnikoff) is expressing what Charles Kingsley so often preached, namely, the possibility of reconciling religion with science." So, perhaps, we were wrong in thinking that Society has no intellectual interests! Writing of Monte Carlo, the author says, there are times when we "feel that unless we seek the sunshine and pleasant froth and polish of a cosmopolitan crowd by the tideless Mediterranean, we shall do something desperate." So that it really is a blessing for us all that this kind of people can afford to go there before they do worse. Mr. Lloyd George will be delighted to read: "I call him our Mr. Lloyd George, for we have learnt to lean upon him in a way that at one time seemed utterly unlikely." But, unhappily:—

"Admirers of the Prime Minister cannot help feeling a little sorry for him in the throes of so many anxieties. We undoubtedly owe him a deep debt of gratitude for doing what we had no one else with brains and courage enough to do, but at the same time we must remember that much of the ferment, labor unrest, and class hatred he is up against is the result of his own teaching."

Or again:—

"I am sorry for anybody that stands in Mr. George's way. He will have a poor time, and with perhaps one exception is certain to go down, but much depends on whether the Prime Minister keeps his electioneering promises. If he does not he may be the one to go down."

Alas! the Kaiser is not hanged, and Germany has not paid yet; so it is a bad look-out! Thus the author prattles on. All the while we feel that she is really a charming person, kind-hearted, alert, courageous, always ready to get a friend out of a scrape. But what a picture of inanity the whole book makes! Mrs. Menzies says she is "a firm believer in class keeping to class." Perhaps she is right. We are sure, at all events, that the advantage is not entirely on the upper side of the partition.

### COMMON SENSE ABOUT ULSTER.

"Ulster and Ireland." By JAMES WINDER GOOD. (Maunsell 6s. net.)

It would be an exaggeration to say that Ulster does not exist. But it would only be a slight exaggeration. Ulster is undoubtedly to be found on the map. It is a province which, if you leave out the city of Belfast, is inhabited by a mixed population, the majority of whom are Nationalists. Even if you take the four counties (including Belfast), in which there is a majority of Unionists, the local Nationalists amount to about thirty per cent. of the population. Thus the Nationalist minority in Unionist Ulster is much greater in proportion than the Ulster Unionist minority in Ireland as a whole.



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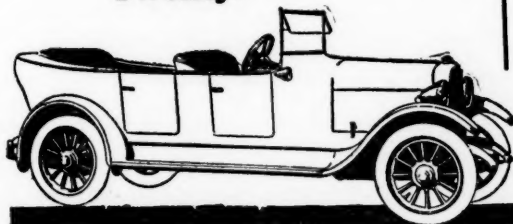
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All the Ulster Unionists taken together form about twenty per cent. of the population of Ireland. And yet the average British statesman, who will not allow that Ireland is a homogeneous nation, is constantly acting on the assumption that Ulster is a homogeneous province, or at least a homogeneous part of a province. He is deeply concerned for the rights of the twenty per cent. of Carsonites in Ireland. He is apparently less perturbed as to the rights of the thirty per cent. of Nationalists in the Carsonite "four counties." The truth is he is not anxious to know the facts about Ulster. Ulster is his traditional argument against the freedom of Ireland. His predecessors did not discover Ulster, they invented it. Voltaire said of the Deity that if He had not existed it would have been necessary to invent Him. British statesmen, looking round for some justification for the continuance of English rule in Ireland, bowed to necessity and invented Ulster. The British statesman, in his attitude to Ireland, makes one think of the benignant Mr. Spenslow whose generous intentions are invariably thwarted by his ferocious partner, Mr. Jorkins. Like Mr. Jorkins, Ulster, while apparently the master, is really the servant. Even its ferocity is not so much a natural as an imputed ferocity. Many Liberals have in recent years seen through the Jorkins bluff. Very few, however, have as yet grasped the fact that it is really a Spenslow bluff. But until we realize that the Ulster question is mainly a British convenience instead of being, as is so often pretended, an embarrassment, it is not likely that we shall advance far towards a settlement of the Irish difficulty.

One thing at least Mr. Good makes clear in his lively and fair-minded book. British statesmen never cared twopence about the Ulster Protestants until they found they could make use of them against Ireland. The Ulster Presbyterians suffered almost as bitterly in the eighteenth century as their Catholic fellow-countrymen. It was in order to escape from oppression that Ulstermen fled to America and fought in the ranks of Washington's army against British rule. "Fully half the names," writes Mr. Good, "attached to the Declaration of Independence were those of men of Ulster stock." It was chiefly in Ulster towards the end of the century that the movement for Irish independence had its origin. Ulster Protestantism found no support in the London Cabinet in those days of its Liberalism. It was, on the contrary, subjected to horrors of repression which in Mr. Good's view so cowed the inhabitants that the province had no spirit left to protest against the coming of the Union. General Lake frankly regarded the Ulsterman as a villain. He marched up and down the province on a campaign of floggings, half-hangings, house-burnings, and pitchcaps. Pitchcaps, as Mr. Good relates, were "an ingenious improvement of the methods of the Red Indian, because the unfortunate who was crowned with one of these caps, filled with hot pitch, had to submit to a scalping process to free himself." Belfast was especially the object of Lake's hatred. "Belfast," he wrote, "ought to be proclaimed and punished most severely, as it is plain every act of sedition originates in this town. I have patrols going all night, and will do everything I can to free the country of these rebellious scoundrels, by sending them on board the tenders. . . Nothing but terror will keep them in order." A massacre took place near Newry in which women and children were among the victims; yet the Welsh Fencible regiment which perpetrated this was not even reproved by Dublin Castle. The Viceroy's sole comment on the massacre was a jest about the zeal with which the newly-raised regiment practised "the sword exercise they had recently learnt."

There was, already, among the Ulster Protestants, a nucleus of Orangemen who were ready to execute any atrocities against either their Catholic or Presbyterian fellow countrymen. Even they, however, much as they hated Liberalism, did not desire a union with England. When the union came they cried out vehemently against it. British statesmen, however, cared as little for them as they did for the Ulster Presbyterians, or for the Irish Catholics. Statesmen, indeed, were determined on making a union for England's sake, and for England's sake alone. They showed themselves entirely indifferent to the Orangemen, except on such occasions as they could make use of them. This has been the attitude of Governments, with few exceptions, ever since. They have not maintained the union for the Orange-

men's sake. They have maintained the Orangemen for the union's sake.

Mr. Good, we need hardly say, does not pretend that no marked differences are to be found among Irishmen. All he would say is that no differences exist profound enough to have stood in the way of national unity if it had not been for interference from outside. He does not deny that the Ulsterman is distinct from the Munsterman in much the same way in which the inhabitant of the Five Towns is distinct from the man of Devon. Perhaps, owing to the absence of national government the differences are greater in Ireland. Mr. Good, however, will not have it that the dividing line is race or religion. He points to the great number of Gaelic names in the list of the leaders of Ulster Unionism, and he contends that the qualities which are supposed to mark off the Ulsterman from the Southerner are as characteristic of the Ulster Catholic as of the Ulster Protestant. Differences of a comparable kind between north and south are to be found in nearly all countries. We see them in England, in Germany, in Italy, in America, and even in Mr. Lloyd George's Wales.

Every difference, however, has, in Ireland, been deliberately fostered and intensified. The Ulsterman has been taught that his difference from the Southerner, instead of being merely one of those variations which occur in all countries, is an unbridgable chasm between two foreign peoples. So long as statesmen believed that it was in England's interest to maintain the union, it was their obvious policy to encourage this delusion. It has now been encouraged to such a point that an Ulster problem may almost be said to exist. But it is well to remember that, even in its latest emergence under Sir Edward Carson, it was always London that gave the signal. If Sir Edward Carson had not had the London clubs behind him there would have been no preparations for an Ulster rebellion. If the Ulstermen imported rifles from Germany, it was the London clubman who, for the most part, paid the bill. All the talk of rebellion was merely traditional tub-thumping, until Mr. Bonar Law and his fellow Conservatives saw in the Ulster question a chance for a counter-revolution against democracy. Sir Edward Carson's most effective following was not among his volunteers, but was in the service clubs and on the front Opposition bench in the House of Commons. It was Ulster's dream, indeed, to succeed in rebellion, not by vanquishing the British army, but by seducing it from its allegiance. The training camps and depots in this country were visited by Ulster ladies, known as "Carson girls," whose duty it was to tamper with the loyalty of the Army in a manner that would have procured for any Labor agitator a long term of imprisonment. Unfortunately, no sufficient steps were taken to counter the seditious activities of the Carsonites. Strong in the certainty that they had behind them powerful forces in British politics and society, and even in the British Army, the Carsonites behaved as though for them there was no law.

They forbade Mr. Winston Churchill to address a meeting of Ulster Liberals in the Ulster Hall, where Parnell himself had once spoken. Sir Edward Carson said that in proposing to speak in the Ulster Hall, Mr. Churchill was guilty of "a more criminal act than has ever been prosecuted in any criminal court." Clearly, a politician who is capable of language at once so meaningless and so outrageous was not a particularly serious force to reckon with if great interests had not been in the background, using him for their own ends. Mr. Churchill unfortunately knew so little of Belfast history that he concluded that a meeting in the Ulster Hall could not be held without a riot. He naturally enough shrank from being the immediate cause of bloodshed. The Ulster Liberals at the time assured him that the meeting could be held without a fatal collision between the Orangemen and the forces of the Crown. Mr. Churchill, however, would not be persuaded. The meeting was abandoned and Carsonism drew its first blood. Recruits, who had hitherto held back nervously, now began to flock to its victorious flag. That was the crucial moment in the history of the Carson rebellion. That was the real birthday of the physical force movement in Ulster. Had Mr. Churchill been a little more of a prophet, he would have foreseen that by refusing to grapple with and defeat Carsonism at the outset he was preparing the way for a widespread movement which would so embarrass



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### DEAD HEAT

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## APHORISTIC LAUGHTER.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

FOR years I have suffered from the affliction of telling the truth. Convalescence is pleasant.

In some matters men are always babies. This accounts for the belief in the maternal instinct.

I am not inclined to believe that every woman is at heart a-deceiver. She only thinks that every other woman is.

A man must be very adventurous to tell the truth. To tell the truth a woman must be very plain—thus she has no necessity for falsity, and makes a virtue of necessity.

A charming young person recently told me that she disagreed with all my ideas. But she was careful to leave me no alternatives. Antagonism is intoxicating.

Idealism is a splendid emotion for solitude. To share is to dispel illusion.

Most women expect the earth. Why do they not realise the fortune of an occasional fragment of heaven?

Women are perfect actresses. So it is natural they should love the theatre where they are amused by the unnatural misrepresentation of themselves.

The average musical comedy is an unmusical tragedy of stupidity and cupidity.

Profiteering is now a necessary vice. One must profiteer to pay the other profiteers and meet the Income Tax collector without a blush.

Old men are either fools or cynics. I have not met many cynics.

If the fatuous old men only knew what the flatterers really think of them the churches would be fuller of old men.

In the Press Club recently some complimentary allusions were made to Pope and Bradley's advertisements, but it was agreed they had no commercial value. This gave me a fine feeling of altruism, but my Chartered Accountants and the Inland Revenue brought me to earth.

My accountants tell me coldly that since I originated this business, and in my spare time wrote occasional commercial philosophies, the result has been—Increase in 1909 on 1903, 500 per cent. Increase in 1919 on 1903, 5,000 per cent. It really does seem quite a lot.

Figures are fascinating. They are the only fascinating things that do not lie.

Having become mathematical in my laughter, I may mention that the charges of this House have not yet reached the heights of giddy Bolshevism. Lounge Suits, from £10 10s. Dinner Suits, from £14 14s. Overcoats, from £10 10s. Riding Breeches, from £5 15s. 6d.

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ADVICE WORTH HAVING on Assurance and Annuities can only be obtained from one unfettered by financial relations with any Insurance Company. It repays its cost time and again. Read "Assurance and Annuities," post free from "Scrutator," 34, Eldon Chambers, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

English politics that Germany would regard it as an opportune time to declare war, and would so transform Irish politics as to sweep almost out of existence all parties but those of physical force. Orange Fenianism, made use of by British Toryism—that is the seed of half the disasters from which we are still suffering. Sir Edward Carson may be described as the first of the Sinn Feiners, the first of the Direct Actionists, the first of the Bolsheviks, and the first of the Prussians.

Mr. Good's book, it is only fair to say, is not written as an indictment. It is an attempt, at once good humored and reasonable, to reconstruct the amazing background of facts against which the Ulster question is seen in its true proportions. He writes of the characteristics of the Ulsterman as well as of his creed. He reveals him in humorous anecdote as well as in damning quotations from his speeches. He takes us step by step through the various phases of Ulster history, and he makes it as absorbing as a novel. He describes the influences that narrowed the Ulsterman's religion in the nineteenth century, and he devotes to Orangeism a section containing much that will inform and much that will amuse the reader. His study of the Carson movement contains practically all that needs to be said on that subject, and points a number of morals which are not yet sufficiently understood in this country. His book is the only existing book about Ulster which is, as people say, written from the inside. It is not the book of an investigator, but of an authority. It is, from the point of view of English readers, the most useful book that has appeared on Irish politics since Mr. Erskine Childers's "Framework of Home Rule."

#### PUNCH.

"Mr. Punch's History of the Great War." (Cassell. 10s. 6d.)

ALL who wish to possess a permanent and handsomely-bound index to the mind which has Made our Country What it Is, would do well to buy a copy of this history of the war, by Mr. Punch.

A friend of the reviewer recently received this volume from a maiden and Scotch aunt, who enclosed with it a letter, in which she said: "I send you Mr. Punch's History of the Great War. It is funny—of course!" It would be. But it ceases to be so very comic a matter when one reflects that there may have been a large body of civilian opinion which was brightened and amused by these chatty asides on butchery.

Many of the drawings, if considered by any intelligent foreigner who had previously studied the superb satirical draughtsmanship of England in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, might well lead to the conclusion that England was silly and decadent. There are no successors to Gillray, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank. Bateman, it is true, has a good line, and Shepperson has done some charming drawings, but there is no satirical spirit—only a thin and tortuous vein of difficult humor.

But let us return to the institutional wisdom of our old gentleman, mopy with sweet sentiment and easy bedside jokes. Ever in the van of good taste, Mr. Punch is a leader of his class. He is the typical snob-democrat, anxious for all to take an equal part in being killed, eager to support anyone who comes to the front, anxious to desert anyone who lags behind. He is easily frightened by words—the word "Bolshevik" or "Pacifist" works him up to a dancing frenzy which is painful to witness. Like all sound English sportsmen, he inclines to place the blame for the war on the intellectual and artistic Germans—not on stupid German generals, intriguing financiers, and Prussian stag-shooting princes in fancy dress, on whom the blame really rests. Thus on page 5 we find a charmingly witty little poem in which fun is poked at such silly old fogies and wicked old murderers as Richard Strauss and Nietzsche.

On the next page is to be found the jewel which we mount below:—

"Feed them (the Territorial Forces) like Princes, and pamper them like babies, and they will complain all the time. But stand them up to be shot at, and they will take it as a joke—and rather a good joke, too."

Further on, our jocular friend tells us that what attracted the majority of the Territorials and made them "join up"

was the prospect "of a season's shooting without having to pay for a gun-licence." But imagine Mr. Punch's feelings if his pheasants could shoot back!

On page 27 we are told that "Tommy" complains more of the loss of tins of peppermints, than of a loss of a limb.

"Does it matter losing your legs,  
For people will always be kind?"

as Captain Siegfried Sassoon has "sung."

All this pathetic bravery in bearing the wounds of others is mixed up with a great quantity of almost German sentimentality about children and Christmas.

The reviewer cannot be expected to swim across this sea of glucose, but let him rescue a fine piece of logic floating near the other shore.

On page 268 Mr. Punch, defending his dear public schools, quotes the following sentence, from an essay by a dead officer, as a triumphant vindication of the present system of education. "Every public school boy is serving, and one in six gives up his life. They cannot be such bad places after all." We may suppose, then, that if one in three had given up their lives the public schools would be just twice as good. Obviously, the ideal would be to have a train wreck, in which the engine-driver and all the guards and passengers hailed from the same public school, and all perished in agony. This would be the complete vindication. For surely, the most just criticism of the public school system is that, owing in not a small measure to the stupidity of the diplomats who were educated at these places, we were involved in a world war in which one in every six of the old public school boys had to die. But it is like Mr. Punch to indict when he imagines he is praising; and to convert the discerning to the very men and causes that move him to rosy fury.

Though it is impossible to go quite through this book, let us be certain that Mr. Punch is always the same Mr. Punch. A timid, senile, trivial, pompous old gentleman, fond of puns, sport, and "clean humor." Mrs. Grundy is his wife, and the War is their eldest child; they will prosper for many years. They have now lost their War. What will they do without it?

Before the initials appear at the end of this review, let it be made clear that the gratitude of C. L. G. in his prefatory verse is disclaimed. "Thank first O. S., and then his band of brothers." Apart from any question of brotherhood, the thought that the contributors to "Punch" and myself belong to the same race is sufficient for me.

O. S.

#### SIR WILLIAM WATSON'S NEW POEMS.

"The Superhuman Antagonists and Other Poems." By Sir WILLIAM WATSON. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)

SIR WILLIAM WATSON's new volume is composed mainly of a kind of transcendental epic, followed by poetic addresses in curse of Germany or in praise of America and ourselves, with a few shorter pieces at the end of more universal if less magniloquent themes. "The Superhuman Antagonists," which is written in heroic couplets and has isolated fine passages in the style of Sir William's peculiar monumental eloquence, is difficult to criticize, because subject-matter and expression are never quite in harmony with the significance of the whole. A disunion is always felt, which seems to do a greater injustice to Sir William's classical sweep and dignity than it would to another poet or than the occasion warrants. He has borrowed "the fundamental idea" of the poem from Persian mythology—the story in the Zend-Avesta of the strife between Ahriman and Ormazd for the sovereignty of the world. Perhaps an account of Sir William's treatment of the old narrative will explain the reason of the discord between style and substance implicit in the poet's most ambitious flights. The story goes that "Ormazd, the Spirit of Light, the Spirit of Good," met "Evil's great founder, loveless Ahriman," in the "interstellar road that crosses the calm vasts." Ahriman proposes a bargain with Ormazd that they should divide the universe between them, so that each may say of his empire:—

"Here have I absolute and plenary sway,  
Complete unparcelled lordship, kingdom whole;  
Here do I reign, sovereign, supreme and sole."

There is a certain quaintness in Ahriman's emphasis and repetition of his points, as though he regarded Ormazd as

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somewhat dull of understanding, and himself a town gentleman and his enemy a rustic. Ormazd promises to think the thing out and summons his three counsellors, Rashnu, Vayu, and Mithra, who advise him to take a kind of census of all the good and evil in the world, to subtract the one from the other, and inform him where the balance lies. Here again the note of quaintness strikes in—this curious book-keeping scheme transacted (one might almost say) in the vast unplumbed hollows of space. At last the "prodigious toil" is accomplished and the "piled and boundless-seeming knowledge," all tabulated in the celestial blue-book, is placed before Ormazd, who finds that his is the flow and Ahriman's "the loathed ebb" (which was certainly acute of him). So he rejects Ahriman's offer:—

"For now henceforth I wax and thou dost wane,  
I broaden and thou shrinkest, . . . .  
But thine own realm of Evil, that withstood  
So long my assault, and seemed in glory and state  
Built above dread of fall, shall soon or late  
With pangs of ebbing power, with shudderings vast  
Be o'ertaken and amazed; and haply at last  
It shall be broken in ruin extreme.  
Scattered as shards and the ashes of a dream,  
And thou, or some like heritor of thy throne,  
Under its mountainous dust lie hurled and prone."

But again one cannot escape from the notion of a bargain, of the town gentleman unwisely underrating the slow but cunning wits of the rustic, who finally over-reaches him. Now this slightly comic but agreeable materialism would never have put our old religious poets about at all. The old carols are full of a delightfully concrete matter-of-factness, in which the things of this world are so blended with those of the other that one has a delicious sense of not knowing which is which, so earthly is heaven, so heavenly earth. But modernism has lost that and lost it maybe for ever; it is irrevocable, and to attempt to recapture its beautiful objectiveness is as useless as to "tread once more the ancient paths" of childhood. And there is no doubt that this mischievous element lends a certain over-solemnity to Sir William's style; it tends to make its weight heaviness and its eloquence declamation.

Nevertheless, there is much sounding verse in the epic, and we mark particularly this very charming image:—

"Young planets, the shy novices  
Of Night, appeared beside old palsied ones,  
Their joyless kin."

The poems dealing with the war are, as might have been expected, unreal and disappointing. The longest and most ambitious is "Americans, Hail!" and the hesitation of the United States in entering the war is described as:—

"And many a coy 'I will not,' for even so  
You hovered, halting betwixt 'Yea' and 'Nay'—  
Then thundered 'Yea' and hurled your doubts afar."

while the generals are described as:—

"Chiefs of war  
As well might seem the very topmost reach  
Of God's own happy art in making men."  
—God, presumably, being the Generalissimo of the Universe, under whose eye they were trained. Our own War Cabinet were "athletes of debate," while Mr. George, after triumphing over the dark brood of pacifists:—

"Treads a road  
Built like a causeway across flaming Hell;  
Himself a flame of ardor and resolve,  
Beset by all the tempests, but unquenched,  
Being used to blasts, and native to the storm,  
And thriving on the thunder from his prime."

Before the "trooping fiends" of Germany "made infernal sorties" out of their kennels, we were "lapt in a human trust of humankind," but having, with the Americans, struck up "the Heroic Symphony of War," are "not utterly unacceptable to Heaven." It is best not to linger over these war poems of Sir William's, except to note a poetic axiom which has never received proper attention. Poetry, that is to say, which refuses to square with the facts of life cannot be other than a sentimental substitute for poetry. One feels inclined to quote a couplet of Sir William's own as sufficient comment:—

"But my light, was it *Thy* light?  
I sought, and naught could see."

Then, in compensation, comes a little patch of wild

flowers at the end of the volume—"The Scroll of Life," "Power and Charm," "Toil," "Song," "Whither Afar," and "Behold!"—all of them of singular charm and grace, and one of them (which we quote) of true sweetness and sanity:—

"O Thou that with a signal canst control  
All seas that roll;  
O Thou that with a whisper canst assuage  
All winds that rage:  
Behold how softer than the human breast  
The wild bird's nest!  
Behold how calmer than the world of men  
The wild beast's den!"

To have written this moving and really perfect little lyric must have been a great content to Sir William. So it is with us. After reading much that estranges us we are warmed to him again by something of the old poetic fire, a fire that the younger poets do not possess, to their, and our, heavy loss, and with which Sir William can still gladden us.

## The Week in the City.

LAST week the strike obliterated all thoughts of other troubles, foreign or domestic. Members of the Stock Exchange were nearly all in a warlike mood when the strike broke out. They thought the time had come to smash Bolshevism at home, and were delighted with Mr. Lloyd George's denunciation of the Anarchists. But the prospect of a settlement on the Thursday morning came as a great relief. After all, the discomfort to suburbans had been very great, and on Wednesday the bright sunny weather came to an end. A few rainy days would make travelling by foot, or bicycle, or in open motor trucks very miserable indeed. It took all the rest of the week, however, for the negotiations to succeed, and when Sunday came much loss had already been incurred all over the country. Traffic was not fully resumed on Monday, but most of the damage can be retrieved. Markets on the Stock Exchange did not suffer as much as might have been anticipated. Revenue returns for the last six months are good, but the daily deficit has been over one and a-half millions! Evidently swift and drastic retrenchment in public expenditure is the only real remedy for our financial and economic difficulties. This week there have been fluctuations and the tendency now is for lower prices in Government securities.

### DEAR MONEY.

The raising of the rates for Treasury Bills heralds the approach of dear money. It means that the Government cannot borrow any longer its  $1\frac{1}{2}$  millions a day at reasonable rates. Will this fact have any effect upon public waste and military extravagance? Now that the strike is over and Parliament about to meet public finance will come again upon the stage, and the City, so far as it has any influence, will exert itself on the side of economy.

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